

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

There is promise of quite a rumpus over the contract made by the Dominion Government with the Mackenzie-Mann syndicate for the building of a railway from Telegraph Creek to Teslin Lake, in order that there may be a direct and all-Canadian rail and water route into the Klondike. After a patient reading of all the articles that have come under my notice, I quite fail to sympathize with the outcry that is being raised against the transaction. The situation is peculiar, and sensible men should not be carried away by sensational newspaper talk. The Toronto *World* says that it will cost \$3,000,000 to build the road; that the lands granted the syndicate are worth \$37,000,000; and as three subtracted from thirty-seven leaves thirty-four, therefore the syndicate makes thirty-four millions of dollars by the contract. As an arithmetical exercise the *World's* figuring is correct enough. But you can prove almost anything with figures. To illustrate this, let us consider another phase of it. To get at the value of a piece of land it is not unfair to enquire the price of adjoining properties. The United States bought Alaska for \$7,200,000. It contained 535,000 square miles—it was not sold to a company for development, but passed finally into the hands of another government, a transaction which puts land to its utmost value. For purposes of ready reckoning let us say that Alaska was bought for \$13.50 per square mile, or about 2 cents and 1 mill per acre. If the lands granted to the syndicate are valued at the same figure, the syndicate gets about \$78,000 reward for building a \$4,000,000 railway at about the speed with which a man will shovel the snow off his sidewalk. This is, of course, an absurd way of figuring, but it is no more absurd to base one's figures on the value per acre at which Alaska was bought by the United States, than it is to base one's figures on the value of a piece of ground on which a miner has discovered gold. The syndicate must take its land in six-mile blocks, and it must take unclaimed land; that is, land that remains now unexplored altogether, or land that has been scorned by the prospectors who have explored it. The lands granted the company are therefore estimated to value all the way from \$78,000 up to \$80,000,000. And one estimate is quite as good as the other.

In fact, the syndicate invests a sum variously estimated at from three to five millions of dollars in a huge gamble. It is one of the boldest undertakings in the history of the world. They are spending a fortune on a project that was undreamt-of a year ago, and one that may be laughed at a year from to-day. Perhaps in all Canada William Mackenzie is the only millionaire who would have had the courage to play so high a game with so little time for deliberation. He was undeterred by the hundred misgivings that would have smitten the average Canadian financier with St. Vitus' dance. He must have realized how ephemeral is the mining boom. The old Cariboo trail is now deserted, although it leads to one of the richest districts in the world. Two or three years ago the people of the world were rushing to South Africa; to day that boom is dead, and nobody quite knows why. The fate of no boom could surely be so uncertain as that of the one which hangs over a country so far north, so cold, so foodless, so inaccessible, and so cheerfully led about, as the Klondike. The thousands who rushed north before the passes closed, are silent. They give no sign. Perhaps with the opening of spring the crowds will come back to lynch the boomsters who hurried them into a country where every mining claim in sight was already seized upon, leaving them to explore river beds that miners had prospected in vain for a generation past. Yet the syndicate puts up its millions and takes its reward in "boom."

That road is to be completed by September 1, and the active work cannot be begun until April 1. This means that a road one hundred and fifty miles in length must be built in one hundred and fifty days, or at the rate of one mile per day. To realize this we must imagine a syndicate undertaking to build a railway across England in five months, or starting this week and building a railway from Toronto to Owen Sound and having it in operation by Dominion Day. It is, as I have said, one of the most daring feats of engineering ever attempted, and will capture the attention of the world and the trade of the Yukon for Canada.

Gold is known to exist in a small area up north and is supposed to exist in a large area. But the rich valley that caused this hubbub is all appropriated. What may be found in other parts of the glacial wilderness is the merest conjecture, and the failure that attended the hundreds of men who prospected a score of other streams is surely as instructive as the success that crowned the few who grew rich on the little Klondike stream. That whole country is far north—fifteen hundred miles north of old Ontario and five hundred north of the last plough on the hemisphere. It is in the arctic circle where the maps are marked "unexplored," where the adventurer has roamed for years to little purpose, and if the food he carried with him became exhausted he left his bones to bleach forever in zero weather. Gold is found up there and the boom results. Our enterprising neighbors, of the Republic, clutch at all the fruits of this boom. They claim it as theirs. Seizing the coast territory that is under dispute they set up customs houses and resort to every practice that will compe the trade of the miners to be done in Seattle and San

Francisco rather than in the nearer and the natural bases of supply, Vancouver and Victoria. The schemes they resort to are nothing short of preposterous. To cap all, they impose a tax of \$0 per day on those who cross into our mining country, at Skagway, over territory that arbitration will unquestionably determine to belong to Canada and not to them at all. This is only one intolerable phase of an impossible situation. It is said that the Cook people in London have already booked nearly a quarter of a million tourists whom they are to deliver on the Pacific coast. Men are coming from everywhere. Is this great boom, this biggest advertisement of the century, to be ours or our neighbors'? Shall the American Vespuccians claim and be accorded the credit and benefit of all this? Or shall we make some bold venture and begin the twentieth century with the ships of the world bringing the younger sons of every nation to our gates? There are times when a young country or

Canadian trade an unassassable advantage, and forces the immediate and thorough prospecting of all our far North-West, for when the syndicate begins looking for its lands it will breed a spirit of competition, and a region that might have lain dormant for a century will be traversed and developed rapidly, all the magic of the world's wealth being called into requisition in the task. This transaction is one that forces the hand of destiny, for at a stroke it extends the scope of the boom from the little valley of the Klondike over all the Yukon district and northern British Columbia. There is no time for parley; there is no time for interest to flag; there is no chance for Alaska to set up counter manoeuvres and force the development of the region west and north of Dawson—the world's energy must forthwith concentrate itself on the region east and south of Dawson, that is to say, our north-land.

The portraits on this page to-day are of the

amounts to \$200 per day. For the insurance companies, Mr. B. B. Osler, Q.C., will probably receive a fee of \$100 per day, and Mr. David Fasken not less than \$75, while the junior counsel, Mr. H. S. Osler and Mr. Lally McCarthy, will receive \$20 each per day. This amounts to \$215, or, counting both sides, \$505 per day for counsel fees alone. Three weeks of argument in this case would bring the counsel fees up to \$9,000, even without any bills for extra services. To get at the real costs, however, there must be a big allowance made for court costs and witness fees, etc., which pile up with a rapidity that appalls any client who is not in the banking, insurance or railway business. The ordinary citizen cannot indulge in the luxury of lawsuit such as this; and with every possible respect for every court on earth that has the power to discipline impudent editors, I would like to ask if there is any grade or kind of justice that should cost more in a day than the average citizen is worth in a

way to many conjectures, all of which are no doubt idle enough, as the probability is that nominations are given to men because of their local strength. But why should there be ten editors of one political party and only one of the other party strong enough locally to secure nominations and prompt to accept them? If we try to seek in this some moving principle deeper than mere chance, we may possibly find it necessary to attribute the result to the influence of the Patrons. The Third Party has rebelled against the custom of giving professional men—meaning lawyers and doctors—nearly all the seats in the Legislature and the Commons; or rather, the Patrons have strongly resisted this tendency. The Liberals have shown a disposition to war kindly on the Patrons, and it is just possible that it was in deference to Patron principles that editors were in some cases preferred to lawyers and doctors by Liberal conventions. There is, at all events, a popular superstition that the Liberal party feels for the Patron party the solicitude of David for Absalom, and that when the fierce men of war are filing through the gate Joab and Abishai and Ittai receive the command: "Deal gently, for my sake, with the young man, even with Absalom." But Joab understands his business, and whoa! whoa! for the Patron party if its unshorn locks and flowing beard get tangled in the shrubbery of any constituency.

Ald. Gowanlock of Toronto has made certain charges against the City Street Commissioner, and when Ald. Saunders insisted that these charges should be made good, another alderman said to Ald. Gowanlock: "You do not have to make your charges good." "Certainly not," replied that worthy, and certainly he did not even try to do so. The allegations against the Street Commissioner are either true or false, and should accordingly be "made good" or publicly withdrawn. Ald. Gowanlock has hounded the heads of various departments of the city service, and is the type of man who drives capable men away. This being so very true, it may reasonably be deemed wise by the Board of Control to require Ald. Gowanlock to either make his charges good or publicly withdraw them. To defame a man and leave the matter there is not justifiable, and the charges having been made it seems clear that we have an official or an alderman whose resignation would be in the public interest. The Street Commissioner seems to possess the undiminished confidence of the public, in the meantime.

Mr. Thomas Crawford, M.P.P., in his speech before the nominating convention for West Toronto on Wednesday evening, attempted to justify the position he took in the Legislature on the department store question. It cannot be denied that the storekeepers of the West End and the men who have been trying to remedy in some way the acknowledged evils of the department store monopoly, were very much exasperated when Mr. Crawford, M.P.P. for West Toronto, arose in his place in the House and in the most off-hand manner disposed of the whole question. Members from outside constituencies possibly attached some value to the opinion expressed by the member for West Toronto, not on his own account, but because he was there as the representative of the very important constituency of West Toronto. There is a general opinion in his constituency that Mr. Crawford should have acquainted himself with the subject before he threw the weight of his constituency into the scale.

But at the convention he tried to square himself, and gave what purported to be a synopsis of his speech in the Legislature. It was a very different speech, although still unsatisfactory. A daily paper thus reported Mr. Crawford's speech in the Legislature, and the stalwarts of West Toronto should compare this with the speech made by him on Wednesday evening:

"Mr. Crawford opposed the idea of placing any restrictions upon department stores. He said any restriction that was not popular was false, and proved so by the fact that the mass people resented them. He was sure when the matter came up next session there would be many strong arguments against the bill."

That is the summary of his speech—he not only championed department stores and opposed the putting of "any restrictions" on them, but he put himself on record as to his course next session. At the convention on Wednesday evening he was carried away at first by his admiration for department stores, declaring that there was only one "Timothy Eaton in Canada," and so the member for West Toronto stood up in the House just as if he had been the honorable member for Eaton, and defended him from a measure introduced by a man from Hamilton. He was, he said, opposed to the idea of legislative interference with any man's enterprise (cheers), and the department stores should be attended to through the City Councils. "Would that not require legislation?" enquired an intelligent old gentleman on the platform. "No," was the valuable answer of Mr. Crawford, M. P. P., although the very bill which he had opposed was one authorizing city councils to impose a tax, if they chose, on such stores. He also said, a few moments later, that he believed in a tax on the volume of business done, and when the city got up a plan of this kind, let it be brought before the Legislature and it would be passed. In the light of his "No," what can we think of this?

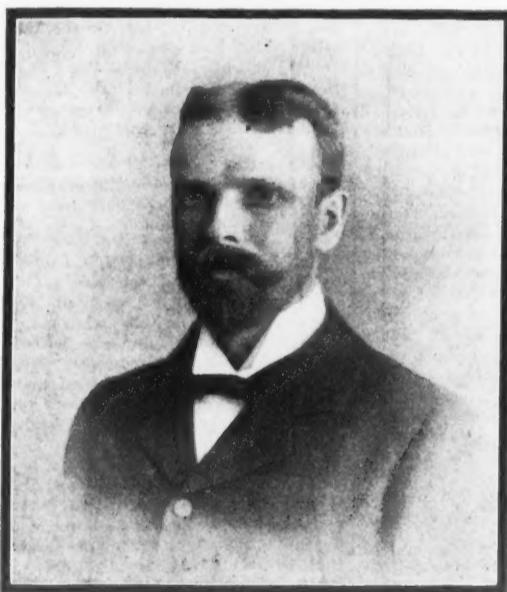
It is possible that the member for West Toronto is so wholly indifferent to the views of his constituency and to the requests of the City Council as his speech implies. He comes out with what looks like a new idea about



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a young man should rise to an emergency and boldly stake much on a venture. In attaining success there are critical junctures which foolishness does not perceive, but which wisdom recognizes at a glance. This is the way I look at this Klondike railway transaction. The building of that railway will energize our whole Pacific region; it will act on the people of this country like a national stimulant; it will capture the world's attention and will perfect that growing boom which is promising to give Canada ten years of such phenomenal prosperity as no young country has experienced since the first navigator "beached his boat on an unknown coast."

Will the members of the syndicate make money? Very well. Will they make fortunes? So be it. They must have a fighting chance for wealth or they will not pour out a fortune in the promotion of national prosperity. Fifty Yankee miners spent five hundred dollars each in equipping themselves in the United States last year for mining in the Yukon, and they won fifty thousand dollars each, which they carried back to their homes in the Republic. They multiplied their investment by one hundred. The syndicate is investing four million dollars, not in Seattle or San Francisco, but in our own country, and to win rewards they must prospect and mine as others do, yet to get the same ratio of profit as the fifty Yankee miners carried home, they must draw four hundred millions of dollars. No person claims that they will get more than a tithe of this. Those fifty Yankee miners carried home \$2,500,000 and conferred no benefit on our western country; this contract with the syndicate opens a railway, gives

year. If this is an improper question I trust that it will be ignored.

There is a strong movement of Ontario editors in the direction of Parliament, although some of them may not complete the journey. This must be numbered among the encouraging signs of the times, for it is, I think, the opinion of the press that editors make exceptionally good legislators. Already there are ten editors nominated for election to the Ontario Legislature on March 1, not including Rev. Dr. Dewart, ex-editor of the *Christian Guardian*, who at present time of writing, is not yet the Liberal candidate for North Toronto. The newspaper men who are already in the field are: Andrew Pattullo of the Woodstock *Sentinel Review*, (Lib.) North Oxford; J. A. Auld of the Amherstburg *Echo*, (Lib.) South Essex; M. Y. McLean of the *Seaford Expositor*, (Lib.) South Huron; J. R. Stratton of the Peterborough *Examiner*, (Lib.) West Peterborough; J. Craig of the *Fergus News-Record*, (Lib.) East Wellington; S. Russell of the *Deseronto Tribune*, (Lib.) East Hastings; A. F. Pirie of the *Dundas Banner*, (Lib.) North Wentworth; H. J. Pettypiece of the *Forest Free Press*, (Lib.) East Lambton; George P. Graham of the Brockville *Recorder*, (Lib.) Brockville; Sanford Evans of the *Mail and Empire*, (Cons.) South Wentworth. This shows that of the eleven editors who are in the field ten are Liberal candidates, and but one a Conservative.

What has brought out these large-browed, studious men? Why should there be ten Liberal editors seeking seats in the Legislature and only one Conservative editor? This opens the

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

Social and Personal.

Mrs. Edward Gurney gave a very delightful and stylish reception on Friday afternoon, and the large rooms of her home in Gerrard street were crowded with ladies, for at Friday's tea the men were not in it at all. Roses were plentifully employed for decorations; and wreathed with smilax were twined about the overmantels and adorned the *buffet* with generous profusion. Not to be outdone by the queen of flowers, was the rose-bud garden of girls who carried on their usual coaxing way of spoiling one's dinner. Beautiful Miss Gurney bravely faced the ordeal of receiving with her dainty little mother, though not yet quite strong from last year's long siege of illness. And the briskest of the house-party was the dear great-grandmother, Mrs. Cromwell, whom Baby Ryckman has elevated to the honor of a fourth generation. King Baby should have been there, but only his latest photo was offered for the admiration of intimate friends. It is not often one is received by a great-grandmother, but we have 'em in Toronto, and they are usually the brightest of the party. After the reception the young folks were reinforced by some of their favorite cavaliers and had a very jolly evening.

On the evening of Wednesday, January 19, in the cosy parlors of Mrs. L. Walker, 131 Dovercourt road, Miss Maude Walker and Mr. Frank Crelle were married. The bride, who is the fourth daughter of the late Louis Walker, was charmingly attired in white brocaded silk with pearl trimming, and her sister, Miss Dolly Walker, who acted as bridesmaid, wore mauve crepon. Mr. John Firth was groomsman, and Rev. Jesse Gibson of Dovercourt road Baptist church performed the ceremony. The newly married couple, who are widely known in west end circles, were the recipients of numerous and handsome presents, tokens of the esteem with which they are regarded. Mr. Crelle has been for eleven years connected with Matthew Bros. of Yonge street, and besides receiving a substantial remembrance from the head of the firm, the employees presented him with a handsome mahogany settee. Mr. and Mrs. Crelle will set up housekeeping in their cosy home at south Dovercourt road.

Mrs. Becher gave a very pleasant luncheon to a number of ladies on Saturday at Sylvan Tower. Covers were laid for twelve, and among the guests were: Mrs. McLean Howard, Mrs. Sandys, Mrs. Darling, Miss McLean Howard, Mrs. Ruttan, Mrs. Hamilton, and Mrs. and Miss Kirkpatrick.

Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Smith left this week for the West Coast, where they will visit various beauty spots of California, reaching San Francisco in a few weeks.

Mrs. R. F. Pieper, (*nee* Hay of Woodstock), writes from San Francisco of her enjoyment of her new home. Mr. and Mrs. Pieper and Master Fritz have resided in the far West for nearly two years.

Major Evans of Winnipeg, who, it is reported, is to succeed Major Lessard next summer, was in town this week.

Major and Mrs. Denison left this week for Ottawa, as Major Denison takes the place of Captain Wilberforce on His Excellency's staff. Without undue flattery to the Toronto *aidé*, I fancy the Ottawa people will find the exchange a decided gain.

During the past fortnight I have been told of half a dozen cases in which invitations have gone astray in the postoffice. In fact, a hostess plaintively remarked that she dared not think of what enemies she might have made if the fate of the rest of her cards had been that of two already reported, and fortunately telephoned about in time to assure the uninvited guests that their cards had been duly posted. At the same time, I might observe that there is a postage of two cents on drop-letters, which some persons cannot remember, and that I received an invitation last month addressed to my name, and one word written thereunder, the name of my street, neither the word "street" nor the number being added. The letter went to a town of the name of my street, and was afterwards sent from Ottawa, I presume, back to Toronto. At all events, it reached me the day of the ceremony, having been a fortnight careering over Canada, on its way from a house ten minutes' drive from my home.

Mrs. S. G. Beatty left for Ottawa this week, and is the guest of Mrs. Ferrier (*nee* Holt).

The marriage of Mr. Wallace Neibitt and Miss Amy Beatty, elder daughter of Mr. W. H. Beatty of The Oaks, is fixed for next Thursday evening. The ceremony will be performed in the house, witnessed by a small and intimate circle, and a reception will follow, to which the friends of the bride and groom-elect are bidden.

Mrs. Thomas (*nee* Caron) of Chatham spent Sunday with Mrs. Kirkland, on her way to the West Coast for change of air. Mrs. Thomas not having been quite strong recently. Mrs. Kirkland had a number of ex-Chathamites for Sunday supper, to renew friendship with her charming guest.

Saturday afternoon shone upon one of the largest teas ever given in Toronto, and Mrs. Ince was not at all in the plight of the little girl in the song who wept because "nobody came to her tea." From five o'clock until nearly seven the house was packed. "Standing room only" would have been a gratefully received favor to some who were obliged to wait five minutes at the door for room to enter, and the descent of the stairs occupied fifteen minutes, for the crowd in the hall, spacious as it is, and the many essaying to enter the tea-room, where those who were in could not get out, were just the ideal multitude of a fashionable London crush. And many a good-natured jest did they exchange as they stuck fast in doorways, swooped through a slender rift in the millinery, and accomplished the circuit of the rooms by many a cunning tack and swerve. Mr. and Mrs. Ince, happy to greet some few hundreds of their friends, received in the drawing room, and the family party, Mr. and Mrs. James Ince, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Ince, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Patterson, and Mr. and

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MISS H. M. HILL, 194 Bloor Street West, is organizing a ninth tour, to include Italy, Austria, Germany, Switzerland, France and Great Britain, sailing June 4, returning in September. Mrs. Robert Smith of Stratford will assist Miss Hill.

Mrs. Archie Langmuir, with the bachelor son of the house, Mr. George, were in their element looking after the immense crowd. Music floated down the stairs from an upper landing, where

Mr. Thomas Long, who is in Florida for his health, has derived much benefit from his visit south. Mr. and Mrs. Ryan and their family party are also enjoying bathing, orange and flower groves, and all the delights of tropical parts.

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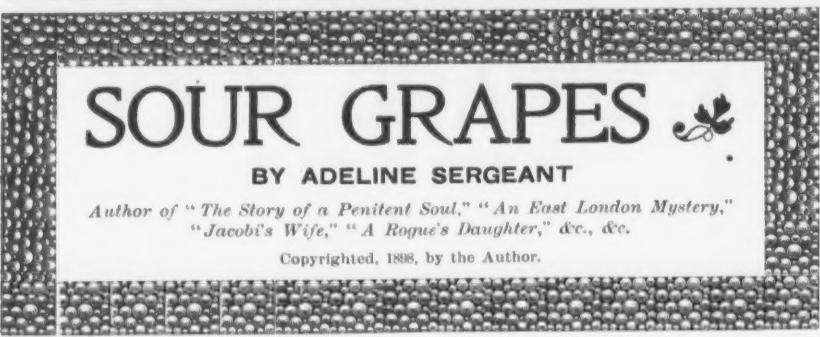
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SOUR GRAPES

BY ADELINE SERGEANT

Author of "The Story of a Penitent Soul," "An East London Mystery," "Jacobi's Wife," "A Rogue's Daughter," &c., &c.

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I.

"You'll come in?" she said, her hand on the latch-key in the lock, her eyes turned towards his face, with a momentary look of wistfulness which told its own story—if not to him, at any rate to another person who was looking on.

"It's rather late," Wyndham Scudamore replied, taking out his watch and looking at it by the light of the gas-lamp at Effie's door. It's half-past eleven, you know."

The looker-on, Miss Marian Kemp, came to the rescue. She noticed that Effie's face had grown a trifle wan. Miss Kemp was fond of Effie and she knew Wyndham very well. She was not going to see Effie disappointed without reason.

"I'm coming in to look at that engraving you spoke of," she said abruptly. "You can see me home afterwards, if you like. We mustn't keep you up, Effie. I know how hard you work," she added, with a touch of softness in her tone.

Wyndham laughed aloud in the little dark passage, waking the echoes of the house in a way which vaguely alarmed Effie Duncombe, who was half-nervous at having invited her friends into the house. She had not been long in London, and its ways were at once a terror and a delight to her. A terror, because the habits of the journalistic, half Bohemian set into which she had fallen seemed to outrage all the little conventionalities of the narrow life which she had formerly known; delight, because her whole soul had revolted against these conventionalities, and she had come to London on purpose to escape from them. But she was as yet unversed in the new code: there were unwritten laws of which she did not dream, and it was a joke among her more intimate friends that Effie usually drew the line in the wrong place. She was sweet, and innocent, and unworldly, and in her desire to do as others around her did, she sometimes overstepped even the liberty that they allowed themselves.

Miss Kemp was secretly surprised that she had asked her friends into the lodging-house where she occupied two rooms at this late hour of the night—there was nothing wrong in her doing so, of course, but it was such a difference from Effie Duncombe's ways in Sloper-ton!—It was Miss Kemp who had persuaded her away from Sloper-ton, and she knew what it was like. Perhaps that was why she was always a little amused at the progress that Effie was making in her experience of the world.

"Come in," said Effie, hospitably; and turning into the sitting-room on the left side of the door, she turned up the gas, and revealed the apartment in all its glory. After all, for the room of a lady journalist who has not a private income of any appreciable extent, it was comfortable enough, and even pretty with its bits of quaint china, its great bunch of ferns and grasses in a pickle jar, its cheap Indian dhurries and Liberty silk handkerchiefs. "Jolly little place," said Wyndham, his deep voice resounding until Miss Kemp wished she could shake him and tell him to hold his tongue.

"I suppose I had better shut your door, Effie," she said with a laugh. "The other lodgers won't bless you if they think you have visitors so late."

Effie blushed as she set out some small refreshments on the table. "I told Mrs. Gilbert that I was going to the theater to-night and should not be back till late," she said, "so she knows what to expect. We are home much earlier than I anticipated."

"Thanks to the inanity of that awful farce, which I cannot imagine any intelligent person sitting out," said Wyndham, depositing his long limbs carefully in an easy chair. He let himself down carefully because he had had experience of London lodgings, and knew that the most imposing article of furniture has a way of being uncertain on its legs; but on this occasion his caution was unnecessary: the arm-chair was firmly planted on its castors, and did not let him down. He was a tall, dark, supercilious-looking man—at least, so his enemies declared—his friends made excuses for the critical expression which they could not altogether deny, and maintained that he was exceedingly good at heart. He was a critic on a London paper, and the habit of finding fault had perhaps grown upon him.

Miss Kemp was journalist of the most modern type: she wore her hair short and used a pince-nez; she had a clever, capable face, and she was between fifty and sixty years of age. She looked as if she could go anywhere and do anything, and everywhere be quite able to take care of herself and her own interests. She was well-dressed, neat and self-possessed. Effie was her antithesis in most respects. She was a slight little thing with loose fair hair, which had a way of straying over her forehead at the wrong time; soft blue eyes, and a wistful, unsatisfied look, which, as Miss Kemp had already told her, was very unsuitable to her profession. For Effie had made up her mind to follow the example of her dear friend, Marian Kemp, and become a journalist.

So far, by remarkable good luck, she had been successful; but Marian sometimes wondered whether the child, as she called her, had "stuff" enough in her for the work, and whether it would not have been better to leave her in that wearisome but soothing solitude against which she had revolted. For it had not been at all what Miss Kemp contemplated, that Effie should at once fall in love—especially with a man who was so popular and so exclusive as Wyndham Scudamore. Yet this was what Effie had done, and she had not been able to hide the fact from her friend, Miss Marian Kemp.

So it was with a flush of excitement on her cheek that Effie set out her cake and biscuit,

and, a little timidly, the flask of whiskey which she had been told that all journalists (of the male persuasion, at any rate) believed in as the sign of good fellowship; and asked her friends to partake. Miss Kemp nodded and nibbled biscuits while Wyndham absently mixed himself a weak glass of spirit and water, and expressed his views upon the drama. Effie ate and drank nothing at all. She was much absorbed in watching her hero, and in listening to the words of wisdom which fell from his lips. She had never in all her life come across anybody who appeared to her so witty, so wise, so superior to common flesh and blood. And it did not as yet trouble her that Mr. Scudamore looked down upon her from a sublime height to which she could never hope to attain, and spoke of her sometimes as "that little provincial friend of Miss Marian Kemp's, who is trying her hand at journalism, don't you know?"

Wyndham was a good talker and the two women were good listeners, so that it was not very surprising that the time went on with extraordinary rapidity. It must have been long after twelve o'clock when the guests took their leave; and Effie would willingly have had them linger for another hour or so. She looked sorrowfully after them as they went down the street, and sighed as the tones of their voices were carried to her ear. She envied her friend the power of making herself agreeable to men and women alike; she thought sorrowfully of her own deficiencies in this respect. For, as she acknowledged to herself, she was too brusque, too open-hearted, too simple, perhaps, to be altogether attractive. It was difficult for any man to understand a woman who had no idea of what coquetry meant.

She went to bed, but slept little. The fever of youth and love was in her veins. When she fell asleep in the gray dawn, she dreamt of Wyndham and thought that he mocked her; but before she awoke, a pleasant vision took the place of the one which had at first distressed her, and she fancied herself happy in his love and with his kisses on her lips. She awoke with the pleasurable tingling sense of having received her lover's vows.

But downstairs storm and trouble awaited her. Her landlady was, of course, a lady who had seen better days. She was severely respectable; tall, thin, almost elegant, with a temper of the utmost acerbity and an unrivaled faculty for lengthening out her accounts. It was this alarming person whom Effie found awaiting her, when she came down to breakfast, fresh from dreams of Wyndham Scudamore and his love. She was always afraid of Mrs. Gilbert, because that good lady, being a Sloper-ton woman, was in the habit of sending reports to Effie's old home concerning her doings. It had seemed so nice to Effie's friends—and at first, perhaps, to Effie—that she should lodge with a person who came from "dear old Sloper-ton." Of late she had begun to think that old associations have their drawbacks.

"I wish to speak to you for a moment, if you will, Miss Duncombe," said the landlady solemnly. Then, as Effie looked at her in silent expectation, she proceeded. "You'll excuse me if I ask you a question, Miss. There was a gentleman here last night, wasn't there?"

"Certainly there was," said Effie, trying to speak haughtily, but with the color creeping into her cheeks.

"The gentleman you're engaged to, I suppose, Miss?"

"N—o, Mrs. Gilbert, though I don't see what business that is yours," cried Effie, who was too young and inexperienced to wither the landlady by a look.

"I'm sorry to hear it, Miss Duncombe," returned Mrs. Gilbert austere, "for I thought I could then explain matters satisfactorily to my ladies on the drawing room floor. They sent for me this morning to remonstrate about the noise that went on last night, Miss Duncombe, and I must say I heard it myself, and did not think it at all proper. A gentleman here till twelve o'clock and after! Never since I was obliged to take in a few ladies by way of eking out the small income left me by my dear husband, have I had any disreputable goings-on in my rooms, and I will not begin them now."

"But Mrs. Gilbert, I really don't know what you mean," said Effie indignantly. "Miss Kemp was here all the time. You know Miss Kemp! You have seen her here a dozen times. And it was not very late—for London—you know!"

"All I can say, Miss Duncombe, is that those is not the ways that I have been accustomed to; and I don't think them respectable. If you were engaged to this gentleman—which I've seen you with him before, though not inside of my house—why, then I could tell the drawing room floor that it was all right."

"But of course it is all right! I don't know what you mean, Mrs. Gilbert."

"But if not," said the landlady with great sangfroid, "I shall have to ask you, Miss, for the sake of my rooms, not to have gentlemen visitors here up to midnight—leastways and in especial, if you are not engaged to be married, as in my opinion you ought to be."

Effie's face flushed. "I think," she said with dignity, "that I had better get lodgings elsewhere, Mrs. Gilbert. I intend to have perfect liberty wherever I am."

"Very well, Miss. I must keep my lodgings respectable," said Mrs. Gilbert, with a vicious emphasis on the last word.

Effie bore up as long as there was anyone to be impressed by the dignity of her demeanor; but in half an hour she was crying on Marian's neck, and declaring that she had never been so insulted in her life. And the sting of it all lay, as Marian was quick to discern, in the fact that Mrs. Gilbert had seemed to think that

Wyndham ought to be engaged to her, and that he wasn't.

II.

"Well, really, I'm very sorry," said Mr. Scudamore. "But it strikes me, my dear Miss Kemp, that you are a trifle unreasonable."

He was sitting at a big desk, heaped with papers, and looked uneasy, not to say out of temper. Miss Kemp, sitting bolt upright on a wooden chair in front of him, was flushed and unusually untidy. She generally looked as if she had come out of a band-box, but on this occasion she presented an appearance which could only be described as crumpled. She held a handkerchief in her hand, and looked as if she were going to burst into tears. Wyndham was very much afraid that she would.

"Unreasonable!" said Miss Kemp, "when I have violated a confidence and torn the veil from the heart of a young girl so that you might know the treasure that you were casting to the winds?"

"That would be all very well if you did not forthwith want me to marry the young girl," said Wyndham. Perhaps he was less cynical than he seemed, for his face flushed as he spoke.

"You know I'm not responsible for this very unfortunate ending to a pleasant acquaintance. I never tried to gain the—the affections of—the lady. Really, the position is too absurd! With the best intentions, my dear Marian—he called her "Marian" sometimes, when he wanted to be on very confidential terms—"you must have made a mistake. I cannot believe that I am anything more than any other man to the lady of whom you speak, and I shall be much obliged to you if you will disabuse your mind of the idea."

"And the poor child is to break her heart, and go through life with a slur on her reputation because you cannot believe what I say to you?"

Wyndham's brow grew dark. "There is no slur possible," he said. "I went with yourself, and I have never been there before or since. True, I walked home with her one night from your flat; but we live in civilized days, and men and women are not after all natural enemies—"

"I am not so sure about that," said Miss Kemp grimly.

"The best way would be to threaten this gossiping, evil-speaking landlady with an action for libel, I should think," said Wyndham serenely. "And console your little friend as nicely as you can, Marian. I think she is a pretty little thing, but if she is going to fall in love with any man who speaks a civil word to her, the best thing would be to send her back with all convenient speed to the place from which she came, wherever that may be."

"You are offensive, Mr. Scudamore."

"I have no intention of being offensive. I withdraw what I said if it offends you. Seriously I do not believe that Miss Duncombe is foolish enough to have ever looked at me; but if she has—"

"Well, if she has? Do you mean that in that case even you could not care for her? I never thought you were so unimpressive."

He passed over the sneer as if he had not heard it. "I am afraid," he said, smiling, "that even Miss Duncombe's charms have failed to win my hard heart."

"Oh, you are a brute!" exclaimed Miss Kemp, tempestuously; and gathering up her bag and her papers and her umbrella, she swept out of the office in a white heat of rage, leaving Wyndham to lift his eyebrows in pity and surprise.

"I really thought that she had more sense," he said to himself. "But women are all alike when it is a matter of sentiment. As to the little girl—well, whether the thing was true or not, Marian had no business to give the poor child's secret away, and I only hope she won't complicate things further by repeating what I have said. For really clever woman, she is the most complete fool I ever met."

With which severe comment he applied himself to his work, and was annoyed to find that he was too much disturbed by what he had heard to apply himself seriously either to literature or law.

Meanwhile, Miss Kemp made her way back to Chelsea, where she had left her friend in the depths of woe. She was a good deal overwhelmed by the turn that things had taken. In fact, Miss Kemp had been simple enough to think that Mr. Wyndham Scudamore would be so much flattered and pleased by the intimacy that Effie had lost her heart to him that he would reciprocate her affection without loss of time. In which Miss Kemp showed herself more ignorant of men than she had any idea of before.

Effie had remained at her friend's house, as she did not feel equal to confronting the grim Mrs. Gilbert any more, and Miss Kemp began to revolve plans for keeping her there. Miss Kemp was, on the whole, a very prosperous woman, and she was rich enough to rent a house which, although not very large, was big enough to afford accommodation to several of Marian's friends. In fact, the house was well known in a certain set by the name of the "refuge for the destitute." Miss Kemp's hospitality was not likely to fail her on this occasion.

"My dear child," she said, with much commiseration in her tone, "and how are you getting on?"

Effie's face was almost cheerful as she looked up from the arm-chair into which Marian had settled her before leaving home. "My headache is better," she said, "and I was thinking that perhaps I ought to set to work. Did not Mr. Scudamore say he wanted a paper on some country subject for that little new weekly that he is starting? I was thinking that I might as well try my hand at something of that sort and see whether he would not take it."

Blank silence on Miss Kemp's part. She had not realized that the world must still go on. She had not begun to think of the sensations of which Wyndham would meet the girl of whose love for him he had been told. He was a gentleman; he would not betray that he knew anything, but no doubt he would feel a little uncomfortable. Strange to say, Miss Kemp's reflections were distinctly unfavorable to Wyndham at this point. She was inclined to say: "Why could he not have had the good sense to fall in love with her? then all would have been plain sailing." But as she remained silent, lost in meditation, until Effie,

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looking up in surprise at the unwanted silence, distinguished something unusual in her friend's expression of countenance, and at once resolved to know what it portended.

"Why do you look so odd?" she said, laying down her book and surveying Marian with attention.

"Now you are coloring! You look—yes, you look guilty; where have you been?"

"Nowhere—at least, on business in the city," faltered Miss Kemp, with the guiltiest look in the world.

Effie sprang up with a startled cry. "I know what you have been doing! You have seen Mr. Scudamore! You have said something?"

"I—I did not say anything that was wrong—I—"

"Marian, you did not let him think that I—cared?" said Effie, rising up with a face full of horror, and towering over her elder in a way which would have been impossible to her a few days earlier.

"You did not tell him that I—that I—oh, you did—I can see it in your face! Oh, I shall die of shame!"

And burying her face in her hands, Effie burst into bitter weeping, while Miss Kemp, recovering her breath, poured forth a string of denials, remonstrances, declarations with a rapidity which would have taken away Wyndham's breath if he had heard her. But Effie, taking little heed of Marian's flow of speech, at last reduced her to silence by rising and crying out. "It is intolerable! I do not see how you can expect me to be friendly with you again. I shall leave your house as soon as I can get a lodgings, and if I am not mistaken I can get one to-night."

And nothing would induce her to modify her decision although Marian begged her with tears to remain; and assured her, somewhat inaccurately, that she had said nothing which Effie need really dislike. Effie only set her little mouth tight, and proceeded to pack up her things. She left the house without telling Miss Kemp where she thought of going—probably she did not quite know herself—and Miss Kemp saw nothing more of her for many a long day.

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raised the hair on the head of any of his friends who knew him and believed in him.

He asked Miss Kemp for Effie's address, but it was denied him. Miss Kemp reluctantly confessed that Effie had asked her not to give it. And more and more depressed by the belief that the girl had learned to dislike him, Wyndham went on his way with so preternaturally gentle and drooping an air, as to lead several persons to the impression that some terrible financial reverse had occurred to him, and that he was brooding over the possibilities of the Bankruptcy Court.

He was still thinking about Effie when he came upon her quite suddenly face to face. It was not in a very unlikely place either, considering that he—and she—occasionally traveled by the Underground Railway. But usually he went first-class, and Effie third. He got into a third-class carriage by mistake, tried to get out and failed, then lifted up his eyes and found himself sitting opposite Miss Effie Duncombe, who would certainly have quitted the compartment at once if she had been able to do so without committing suicide. There was no one else in the carriage. Effie blushed crimson and turned her head away.

"Miss Duncombe, is it really you? Surely you have not forgotten me?"

"Mr. Scudamore, I think," said Effie, a little dubiously, as if she were not quite certain. And yet Effie was naturally a truthful girl.

"I have been trying everywhere to find you," said Wyndham.

Effie drew herself up. "To find me, Mr. Wyndham?"

"To find you," said the young man, quite unabashed. "I asked Miss Kemp for your address, but for some unknown reason she refused to give it to me. I began to be afraid you did not want me to know where you were."

"That was quite true: I did not wish you to know, Mr. Wyndham."

This was a crushing rejoinder, but Wyndham did not yet see when to hold his tongue. He went on eagerly. "But I must see you, I must have an opportunity of saying to you that I—I that I love you, Effie: love you with all my heart and soul!"

"You need not go on," said Effie, whose face was scarlet with anger and embarrassment. "I am very much obliged to you for your most chivalrous proposition, and I beg to assure you that it is entirely unnecessary. Nothing in the world would induce me to marry you, Mr. Scudamore, and I hope you will therefore have the good sense and good taste to say nothing more on the subject. This is my station: if we meet again, I hope you will remember that we are strangers."

She made him a lofty bow and swept away, while Wyndham, utterly confounded, sank back in his seat and was whirled off into the wilds of Kensington. Presently he recovered, and laughed a little although he was hurt. "Poor little girl," he said. "It strikes me very forcibly that Marian has been more of a fool than I took her for," and he did not rest until he had hunted up Miss Kemp and forced her, very much against her will, to confess the mischief that she had done.

"And what is to happen now?" he asked gloomily, and Marian answered with tears that she was sure she did not know. It was a dead-lock—an *impasse* out of which neither of Effie's friends could see the way. Wyndham reflected miserably that he might never perhaps meet her more. And indeed, as a matter of fact, some months passed before they met again.

It was at a dinner party that they did ultimately meet, a very unromantic place for such an encounter. Effie was looking very pretty, but somewhat thinner and paler than she used to look; but Wyndham was outwardly unchanged. She wondered afterwards whether he had used diplomacy to effect his own ends; certainly it befell that he was introduced to her as a stranger and bidden to take her to dinner. Effie was secretly dismayed, but of course she was powerless. Wyndham twisted his mustache and addressed a trivial remark to her as he had never seen her in his life before. Effie knew that she was irrational to resent this kind of behavior, but she resented it very much indeed.

"But you know that I can't bear the New Humor," she said sharply, in reply to his remark on a recently published work. "I remember talking about it once at Marian's—" said Wyndham, without a smile.

She turned away petulantly, but at that moment he was obliged to offer her his arm and take her downstairs to the dining-room. There was peace between them for a little while. But when dinner was further advanced, he took an opportunity of speaking to her once more about the past.

"I am glad you allow me to be at least on the footing of an acquaintance," he said composedly; "for that gives me just the chance I have desired—of telling you that you are not at all likely to see anything more of me in the future."

"What do you mean?" said Effie, raising her pretty, startled eyes for a moment to his face.

"You have not heard of my misfortunes then? If they can be called by such a name. Personally, I think it is a stroke of good luck for me. The paper I was connected with went bankrupt, first of all. Then my father had some reverses which made him feel disposed to leave the country; and—in short—I have accepted a post in New Zealand which will keep me very effectually out of your way. Good heavens! what have I done? Effie, for mercy's sake—do you care?"

For silly little Effie had managed to turn as white as snow.

"Drink some wine," said her companion hastily. "I have startled you—frightened you, have I not? There, you look better now. You'll forgive me for my abruptness, will you not?"

"It was the heat," said Effie very stiffly.

"Oh, I quite understand that," he said with bitterness. "I only wish it wasn't."

"You wish—"

The answer came straight into her ear. "Won't you come with me, Effie?"

"Oh, hush, what nonsense!" But there was no longer the tone of anger in her voice.

"Won't you, Effie? We shall never meet again, perhaps, if you say 'no' now."

"This is not the time or the place to think of such things," said Effie; an answer with which Wyndham was delighted.

"When will be the right time then, darling?"

he murmured, with great audacity. "May I come and plead my own cause? You will at least give me your address?"

It is perhaps only necessary to state that she gave it him there and then, and that Marian Kemp was sold bridesmaid on the happy day.

[THE END]

NEXT WEEK—*AGO AND SIR JUSTIN*, By MRS. VERA CAMPBELL.

The Loom of Life.

Unidentified.

All day, all night, I can hear the loom Of the loom of life, and near and far It thrills, with its deep and muffled sound As the tireless wheels go round and round.

Busily, ceaselessly, goes the loom In the light of day and the midnight's gloom: The wheels are turning early and late, And the wool is wound in the warp of fate.

Click, clack, there's a thread of love wove in: Click, clack, another wrong and sin; What a checkered thing this life be!

When we see it unravelled in eternity!

Time, with a face like mystery,

All hands as busy as hands can be, Sits at the loom with arms outspread, To catch in the meshes each glancing thread.

When shall this wonderful web be done?

In a thousand years, perhaps, or one:

Or to-morrow? Who knoweth? Not you nor I, But the wheels turn on and the shuttles fly.

Ah! sad-eyed weaver, the years are slow,

But each one is nearer the end, you know;

And some day the last thread will be woven in.

God grant it be love instead of sin.

What He Meant.

If legal phrases are sometimes puzzling to the untutored mind, certain colloquial expressions may be equally puzzling to the legal mind. An example is given in London *Law Notes*.

At an examination before Lord Mansfield a witness exclaimed, "I was up to him."

"Up to him," said his lordship. "What do you mean by being up to him?"

"Mean, my lord? Why, I was down upon him."

"Up to him and down upon him," said his lordship. "What does this fellow mean?"

"Why, I mean, my lord, that as deep as he thought himself, I stopped him."

When his lordship still insisted that he did not understand what was meant, the witness explained:

"Law, what a flat you must be!"

"If he had only said 'on to him,'" said his lordship later, "I should have tumbled to him."

Sixty Wonderful Years.

It is asserted that the art of medicine has made greater progress in the last sixty years than in the previous sixty centuries. This is an exceedingly steep comparison (odds one hundred to one), but it is the cold truth. Among the other waters that Queen Victoria has drunk during her long reign is that of the growth of the medical trade from the year 1837, for, as a matter of fact, in the year 1837 the average doctor knew little more about the diseases of the heart, lungs, liver, kidneys, and stomach, than was known to Hippocrates.

Fevers were described in the medical books as "continued" and "intermittent." Nothing could be more sweetly simple and childish. A work on geology by Robinson Crusoe (if that eminent islander had taken it into his head to write one) would have been as accurate and profound as the most authoritative works on medicine were when Victoria was crowned.

About nervous diseases nothing was known at all; and what amusing reading to the learned and unlearned alike in 1837 must be the statement in a leading medical journal of 1837 that the only thing possible to be done in diseases of the ear was to *syringe out the external passages with water*.

Speaking of diseases of the skin, the great and famous Dr. John Hunter divided them into three classes: First, those which sulphur could cure; second, those which mercury could cure, and third, those which the devil himself couldn't cure.

Broadly speaking, the most distinct line of advance in medicine in the Victorian age has been that of the prevention of disease and the maintenance of a higher standard of public health. Although the number of drugs used in medical practice has multiplied indefinitely, the number of those medicinal preparations which can be depended upon to produce a clear and specific beneficial result in a large class of seemingly varied complaints has not materially increased within the past sixty years.

And the chief of these, the one that is best known perhaps of all, the one which has unquestionably achieved more remarkable victories over disease than any other, the one which is trusted more completely by a greater number of people than any other, the one which, *and unaided*, has accomplished what a vast variety of so-called remedial agents have failed to accomplish, has been in existence only about twenty years, and was the discovery—of any learned pathologist or mousing experimentalist, I mean—a plain, intelligent woman who found it in the fields of a remote settler in the wilds of California fifty years ago found gold in the bed of a river.

The name of this medicine scarcely needs to be cried out in the ears of civilization at the present day, for everybody knows it as they know the name of the gracious Ruler whose Jubilee we have recently celebrated—Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. Take one more out of the multitude of cases which have illustrated its record during the past double decade.

In the early part of 1891, says a woman, "I got into a low, weak state of health. I had no appetite, and after eating I had a pain at the chest through to my back. My legs ached and a trembling nervous feeling came over me."

I had a great deal of pain in the sides and a gnawing pain in the pit of the stomach. I got no sleep at night, and felt tired and worn out in the morning. I became so weak that I could scarcely get about. In this state I continued for nearly five years.

"I saw a doctor and took his medicine, but got no relief or strength from anything. In February of last year (1890) I heard about Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and got a bottle of this medicine from Mr. Goodenough, the chemist, and after taking it I found much benefit.

"My appetite improved, and the food caused no pain. I continued with it, and gained strength, all the pain leaving me. Soon as strong as ever, and can now eat anything and keep in the best of health. You can make any use you like of this statement and refer anyone to me. (Signed) (Mrs.) S. J. Richardson, Bridge End, Somersham, Hunts, May 11, 1897."

Now, it is one thing to recognize a lion when you happen to meet him, and quite another thing to capture or kill him. And dyspepsia, Mrs. Richardson's trouble, and the trouble of four-fifths of the people, is the *lion among diseases*. The cure for it—the only cure known—is the medicine called Mother Seigel's Syrup. Of this fact there is more proof, and stronger proof, than of any proposition outside the exact sciences. May we not, therefore, speak of this simple, sound, harmless yet mighty medicine as one of the distinguishing medical triumphs of the entire history of man's struggle against suffering and death? It certainly strikes me that way.

"Drink some wine," said her companion.

"I have startled you—frightened you, have I not?"

"Oh, hush, what nonsense!" But there was no longer the tone of anger in her voice.

"Won't you, Effie? We shall never meet again, perhaps, if you say 'no' now."

"This is not the time or the place to think of such things," said Effie; an answer with which Wyndham was delighted.

"When will be the right time then, darling?"

NEWS OF VICTORY

James Thompson Cured of Diabetes by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Dodd's Kidney Pills Have Many Startling Cures to Their Credit in Bruce County—No Medicine Made Can Approach Them.

PAISLEY, Jan. 31.—A marked peculiarity of the people of Bruce County is their firm belief in Dodd's Kidney Pills, as a sure cure for Bright's Disease, Diabetes, and all other Kidney troubles.

So many remarkable cures have been made by Dodd's Kidney Pills, in this county that the people's confidence in them is only natural.

One of those who have been rescued by Dodd's Kidney Pills is James Thompson, of Paisley. He suffered for years, with "an extreme case of Diabetes," and was so bad he could hardly move. Almost every medicine on the market was tried, without effect. Then he tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. His recovery began at that time. Now he is fully restored to health.

Mr. Thompson is only one of many thousands who have been cured of Kidney Diseases by Dodd's Kidney Pills. The simple, undeniable truth is that every person who has used them for any of these diseases has been thoroughly and permanently cured. This cannot be said, truthfully, of any other medicine that has ever been used. Dodd's Kidney Pills stand alone, in proud position far above any rivals.

Dodd's Kidney Pills ALWAYS CURE Rheumatism, Lamé Back, Lumbago, Gout, Dropsy, Heart Disease, Female Weakness, Gravel, Stone in Bladder, Sciatica, Neuralgia, and all impurities of the blood. They are the only medicine in earth that will positively cure Bright's Disease and Diabetes. Dodd's Kidney Pills are sold by all druggists, at 50 cents a box, six boxes for \$2.50, or will be sent, on receipt of price, by the Dodds Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto.

Answered.

The doctor who made the reply noted below was a wise man, because he replied to a question which no one could answer, in such terms that the questioner thought him wise. Doubtless he knows when to give bread pills, chalk powders and ill-tasting but harmless drops.

"Doctor," said an old lady to her family physician, "can you tell me how it is that some children are born dumb?"

"Why—certainly, madam," replied the doctor. "It is owing to the fact that they come into the world without the faculty of speech."

"Dear me!" remarked the old lady, "now just see what it is to be educated like a doctor. I've asked my husband the same thing more than a dozen times, and all I could get out of him was, 'Because they are!'"

The doctor laughed.

PRUYN.—Is it true that the congregation played progressive euchre to decide the price of the pews at your annual rental? Miss Waite Yes: our pastor hoped it might tend to make the pew rents debts of honor.—*Life.*

"You seem to be going home in a very cheerful manner for a man who has been out all night." Yes. You see my wife is an amateur elocutionist, and she's saving her voice for an entertainment to-morrow night."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Many persons cannot take plain cod-liver oil.

They cannot digest it.

It upsets the stomach.

Knowing these things, we have digested the oil in Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites; that is, we have broken it up into little globules, or droplets.

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SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

NOT a few women think of dyeing as a process that easily tells the article has been dyed. Some dyeing does this. But compare an article dyed in these works with new goods and you will be pleased to make a distinction. There is an art in dyeing and we have learned it.

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND H. SHEPPARD - - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers. Sixteen pages are often given to subscribers in a single weekly issue without extra charge.

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MISS LILLIAN RUSSELL has not for years presented as strong claims upon public appreciation as she does in *The Wedding Day*. There is a good deal less of Miss Russell the beauty, and a good deal more of Miss Russell the actress. This latter feature has been kept somewhat in the background of late years in order that Miss Russell might learn experimentally what her best and best-disliked friends frequently told her. When she abandoned legitimate methods in her art and adopted those peculiar to living picture models, she wandered away from the friendship of the great public which loves a pretty woman but does not long care for women who are nothing but pretty. Both in La Tzigane and *An American Beauty*, Miss Russell as we like her best was temporarily suppressed, and her efforts to obtain recognition in a more pretentious, though less artistic sphere, were praiseworthy but slightly ridiculous. But in *The Wedding Day* she appears to excellent advantage and attracts the admiring attention of the audience without that apparent effort that was unpleasantly prominent in her other plays. Few artists have less reason than Miss Russell to have recourse to the spectacular—that last refuge of unintelligence.

The story of the opera, for, *miremble dictu*, this one has a story, has some pretensions to historic interest, and, though somewhat heavy, has been lightly handled and its mirth-provoking features are brought out to the best possible advantage. The plot deals with incidents that are supposed to be connected with the Fronde revolution in France about the middle of the seventeenth century, but so serious a subject very wisely does not become conspicuous till the second act. The scene of the first is laid in Polycep's shop in Paris. Polycep is a baker of respectable antecedents and irreproachable reputation. Despite these advantages he takes the advice of his maiden aunt and wed's a lovely young thing from the country, redolent of ruralism, cows and daisies, aptly portrayed by Della Fox. But the maiden aunt and the simple country maiden have woefully imposed on the respectable baker, who is surprised to learn that his bride has lived all her life in Paris and had never been in the country until invited there by the scheming maiden aunt for the benefit of him, the aforesaid Polycep. Prior to this revelation, however, Della sings a charming little song in which references to "my first maiden kiss" are introduced, which touching reminiscence of the long ago produced an unfeeling roar of laughter. Such alas! are the inconveniences of public life. There is a very fine soldiers' chorus in this act of which the orchestration displays remarkable taste. The husband is drafted for military service despite the tears and protestations of his wife, who accentuates the peculiar hardship of the situation. General de Bouillon—suggestive title—appears and the wife pleads for her husband's release, to the disgust of Planche, Polycep's assistant, who has no faith in woman kind, and biased by his knowledge, or rather lack of it, sees only evil in the passages between his mistress and the General. She is supposed to succeed in this, but Polycep is next seen with all a baker's bravery in command of a company. He does not easily lay aside his natural propensities though, and is much more of a baker than a soldier. This character was admirably played by de Angelis, who is quite the lion of the piece and was re-demanded again and again.

The serious business of the play has in the first act only been hinted at, but in the second we are at once introduced into the inner circles of the Fronde agitation. As usual, there is a woman at the bottom of it. A certain Madame Montbazon, with a talent for intrigue and an ardent supporter of the cause, gives a garden party at which the Spanish Ambassador is to be present to meet the chief movers in the conspiracy and sign an agreement to assist with a Spanish force the carrying out of their designs on condition that certain French territory is ceded to Spain. The Queen's messenger, Lucille D'Herblay, is aware of this, and plans to secure the treaty by disguising herself as Polycep's wife, as it would be valuable and conclusive evidence against the traitors. The Duc de Bouillon, in whose possession the treaty is, is betrayed into a little supper, like an amorous old fool that he is, and of course takes too much wine, falls asleep, and the treaty is stolen. Then follows a powerful scene in which Polycep is, at the instance of his wife, coaxed to acknowledge Lucille as his wife, to divert suspicion from her as the real culprit, although he knows that by so doing he is exposing the true wife to serious danger. As a matter of fact, she is arrested, but owing to the ready connivance

of a young and handsome officer with a lovely tenor voice, easily escapes, which is a most graceful concession to the chivalric spirit of the age.

The third act is beautifully staged and contains many striking features, though the action of the piece practically closes with the end of the second act. The work of the various performers has already been commented on with unusual care by the daily press, and it is not necessary at this late date to say anything about them. In combination the three stars are admirable, but no one ventures to predict a lengthy continuation of the partnership. Something is exceedingly likely to snap.

There have been worse shows than *The Nancy Hanks*—not many, it is true, but enough to save this production from being the worst in existence, though its lack of merit is not the feature that is principally objectionable. I object to *The Nancy Hanks* and to those plays of the class of which it is a fair sample, because they are the products of an organized conspiracy on the part of the theatrical "bosses" to get as much of the public's money and give as little in return as can be accomplished by every device known to experienced ingenuity. There is no use abusing the performers individually, though this is what one is naturally inclined to do. They are rarely to blame, for as a rule the poorer the show the greater are the efforts of the cast to make it "go," and it is hardly fair to blame them for what is altogether beyond their control. A church in a somewhat primitive Western town is said to have found it necessary to display this pitiful request:

"PLEASE DO NOT SHOOT THE ORGANIST,
HE IS DOING HIS BEST."

Something of this sort, varied to suit the altered circumstances, will soon have to be inserted in theatrical programmes.

The Social Highwayman is very exacting in the demands it makes upon an audience. It is similar in construction to Capt. Swift but on very much finer lines. To be understood it must be followed closely, and to say that it deserves to be so treated is high praise. It is almost scholarly in its construction and the connecting links between the various incidents are of finer texture than usual.

The last act closes with the confession and self-inflicted death of the leading personage, emphasizing a nobility of character that constitutes an enigma, the force impelling to both lying in the fact that a friend is suspected of his crimes with no hope of escape from the bitter consequences of that suspicion than by the discovery of the real culprit. The climax is the great and noble act of a great and noble man, and yet, strange as it may appear, there is no thought of inconsistency suggested by this extraordinary character. It is a strange mixture of good and evil, of the things which should be and are not, and the things which should not be and are. The story is a bold conception, strong and distinct as a silhouette in outline, vague and shadowy in detail as the murmur of silent music or the echo of unspoken words.

Mr. Ralph Cummings appears in the title role, which suits him excellently, and Mr. Harry Glazier as the valet does some admirable work. Mr. Christie is not only effervescent but explosive, and bangs his lines at the audience from a condition of absolute quiescence without the slightest warning to indicate that he is on the verge of a remark. Miss Nettie Marshall, as the Spanish beauty, was most attractive, but the rest of the support, especially on the part of the ladies, was somewhat colorless.

Denman Thompson without The Old Homestead is a curiosity. People have got so into the habit of associating them that it seems difficult to imagine that a separation has taken place. However, The Sunshine of Paradise Alley has succeeded The Old Homestead and is at the Grand for the latter half of this week, to be followed on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday next by E. H. Sothern in a new play by Anthony Hope, entitled *The Adventure of Lady Ursula*. On Wednesday evening Lord Chumley will be given.

The attraction at the Princess next week is Men and Women.

QUIS.

It is interesting to enquire as to what will happen next in the local theatrical field. The stock company at the Princess Theater has been putting on fairly good plays in fairly good style at admission fees of fifteen and twenty-five cents. It is quite impossible for traveling companies to compete with these prices and values. People have been going week after week to the Princess, never missing a play and absolutely sure of seeing something worth while put on acceptably. When a traveling company reaches the town people wait to learn if the show is any good—the advance notices cannot be depended on, the criticisms of the daily papers after the first performance are more severe on Sothern than on Joe Murphy or the melodrama of *The Midnight Murder*. People wait to hear their friends say that the show "is a good one," and a good play only makes its presence felt when the week is nearly over. But that stock company offers guaranteed goods—not very brilliant, but always bright and never wretchedly bad, as many a dollar show put on by traveling companies and loudly heralded, proves to be. Therefore, we find the stock company, with its revivals of favorite comedies, its people of average ability, its steady merit, week after week, wins favor, and the Princess is often crowded and always well patronized. But what next? Where will this sort of thing land us? In whose interests are the Cummings people working night and day with slavishness that might well kill the strongest men and women in a couple of years? These people are inspired by no ordinary inducement. A matinee every day, a performance every night, a new play every week—only those who know something of the profession can even dimly realize how enormous is the work imposed on the performers. And why? The company has branched out to Hamilton, London and Ottawa—that is to say, the company is putting up the same tireless, prodigious and cheap opposition to traveling companies all over the Canadian circuit. The traveling companies are getting the worst of it. It there-

fore becomes interesting to ask whether the Cummings people are working in harmony with the Theatrical Trust, and if so, what will be the next development? Will it be realized by all other managers but Klaw, Erlanger, etc., that it does not pay to send companies on the road, and will stock companies under the Trust cover sections of the continent? Perhaps not this; but what then will happen next?

A Trip to Coontown, at the Toronto Opera House, serves to bring out the fun-making qualities of which some colored people are capable. Certain members of the company were with the Black Patti Troubadors last season, notably Billy Johnson, the wheel-of-fortune man and general leader-astray of people who by a perversion of nature have accumulated money and remained innocent. Lloyd Gibbs, the tenor of the classic portion of Black Patti's programme, is also with A Trip to Coontown. It is an amusing show with lots of noise, several good songs of the popular sort and some rather nicely arranged choruses, and there is silly-beggar business right through.

For three nights, beginning on Monday, February 14, Mr. H. N. Shaw, B.A., will give his annual presentation of drama at the Grand Opera House. The first play presented will be *Lyton's Richelieu*, in which Mr. Shaw has achieved great success during his recent tour, appearing as the Cardinal, with Miss Nellie Berryman as Julie de Mortemar. On Tuesday evening Romeo and Juliet will be presented, with Mr. Shaw as Romeo and Miss Ida Wingfield as Juliet. The arrangement used by Mr. Shaw in this performance is similar to that used by Mr. Forbes Robertson at the Lyceum Theater, London; the text is fuller and follows the original more closely than the one usually used, therefore students of the Shakespearean drama will find this presentation doubly interesting. On Wednesday evening an English society play, entitled *Duty*, will be presented. Mr. Shaw will here be seen as Sir Geoffrey Deene, with Miss Berryman as Mabel. This play has never been produced here, but achieved great success at the Prince of Wales Theater, London. The plot is of strong interest and the comedy element amusing. The other parts in the plays being entrusted to clever and competent people, and being elaborately staged and costumed, interesting performances may be expected.

Mme. Marie Tavary, the prima donna, has drawn a lot of people to the Bijou this week, who admired the dainty little theatre.

Hockey Comment.

THE history of the past week's O.H.A. hockey has been centered around the Osgoode team, i.e., the team playing under the name of Osgoode, for there is but one member of the aggregation who is a *bona-fide* student. Their first round in the O.H.A. is ended and their opponents—Varsity—have been beaten out. The outcome of the first game came rather as a surprise even to their most sanguine supporters. And Varsity was beaten even worse than the score 10 to 5 registered. Then, when nearly all had veered around and were commencing to think that the second game might result as the first, Varsity came on the ice and completely outplayed the legalites, and would have won out easily but for the most inopportune commission of two very palpable fouls by University men, for which the offenders very properly graced the fence, allowing the scoring by Osgoode of goals sufficient to win the round by one point. In the first game in the Victoria rink Osgoode pressed Hilborne of the Bank League into service, and with him at point and George Carruthers at cover the forwards were able to skate right up to and through the University lines on to an eventual majority of five goals. It was only towards the end of the last half that condition told, the blue and white rallied, stemmed the tide and succeeded in averting a *hopeless* defeat. Johnston and Edgar Carruthers shone particularly in this game. Their rushes were strong, puzzling and effective. The Varsity team as a whole appeared as if a cog had been slipped. The defence work was listless and the forward combination erratic and irregular.

A different style of hockey was presented last Friday night at the Mutual street rink when the teams met again. The larger rink, the keener ice and the change in the relative positions of the teams all combined to produce the best hockey match that has been seen here for many a day. All the first half and a great part of the second the two scores oscillated around par. First one team would lead, then the other, but only to the extent of one or two goals. During this period Sheppard and McArthur of Varsity made themselves conspicuous for their good work. And George Carruthers was ubiquitously prominent. He practically was Osgoode's whole defence, and the element of roughness for which his play has been so severely criticized, and rightly, was almost wholly eliminated. But a change came over the scene. The large ice and the killing pace set had been gradually telling on the Osgoode forwards. Morrison was playing magnificently and Johnston was shooting well, but for the rest they were not at home, and Varsity feeling the slack, rallied, and rush after rush ended successfully. Nothing could stop them, and goal after goal was notched, until the score stood 11 to 5 and ten minutes to play. Osgoode's vision, beyond Peterboro', to the championship suddenly experienced a total eclipse. The arrest of Varsity's victorious onslaughts seemed beyond the bounds of possibility. Just here, however, the untoward happened, and it goes to show how indiscretions of individual players may wreck a team's certainty of success. Elliott and McArthur went to the fence for five minutes, and in that time the tables were turned. The legalites raised their score to 7, giving them a majority of one on the two games, held the lead and captured the round. JUNE 2.

It is interesting to enquire as to what will happen next in the local theatrical field. The stock company at the Princess Theater has been putting on fairly good plays in fairly good style at admission fees of fifteen and twenty-five cents. It is quite impossible for traveling companies to compete with these prices and values. People have been going week after week to the Princess, never missing a play and absolutely sure of seeing something worth while put on acceptably. When a traveling company reaches the town people wait to learn if the show is any good—the advance notices cannot be depended on, the criticisms of the daily papers after the first performance are more severe on Sothern than on Joe Murphy or the melodrama of *The Midnight Murder*. People wait to hear their friends say that the show "is a good one," and a good play only makes its presence felt when the week is nearly over. But that stock company offers guaranteed goods—not very brilliant, but always bright and never wretchedly bad, as many a dollar show put on by traveling companies and loudly heralded, proves to be. Therefore, we find the stock company, with its revivals of favorite comedies, its people of average ability, its steady merit, week after week, wins favor, and the Princess is often crowded and always well patronized. But what next? Where will this sort of thing land us? In whose interests are the Cummings people working night and day with slavishness that might well kill the strongest men and women in a couple of years? These people are inspired by no ordinary inducement. A matinee every day, a performance every night, a new play every week—only those who know something of the profession can even dimly realize how enormous is the work imposed on the performers. And why? The company has branched out to Hamilton, London and Ottawa—that is to say, the company is putting up the same tireless, prodigious and cheap opposition to traveling companies all over the Canadian circuit. The traveling companies are getting the worst of it. It there-

"Sadye is a man I admire. He and Butts had been bad friends for a year; but when he heard that Butts' wife was dangerously ill, he went up to him and offered his sympathy." "Um! You are probably not aware that Sadye has gone into the undertaker's business,"—*Philadelphia North American*.

Picture Puzzle.—No. 2.



This picture suggests the name of a town in Ontario. What is the name of the town?

The correct answer to No. 1, in last week's issue is "Collingwood." Let our young readers try to guess the name of the town indicated in the above drawing.

That Seal Question.

Baptiste, he go down Holyoke,
For see 'is farder an' do folke'.
He want look well—just bang-up-slap—
Dad's why he wear his seal-skin cap.
But when he come at Yukon mine;
His farder gone from Quebec!
He so surprise 'go an' tell
De story roun', an' say 'O Ciel!'
Den de policeman come an' say,
"Baptiste, annudder fine to pay;
We have been sent it for collec'—
Dat 'Ciel' vas come in from Quebec!"
An' so he pay 'em all he bring.
To come back vas annudder t'ing;
An' so he tink, an' t'ink, ver hard,
An' den he write dem home a card,
An' say sen' money—sooner better;
But tell 'em, "Do not seal de letter,
Dey will not 'low seal from wax!"
Well—he not home yet; so I spec'
Dey have put poor Baptiste in jail
For send dat word "seal" t'rough de mail.
By Gar! I tink, me, dat fur tax
Have put Baptiste in sealing wax!
Ottawa, Jan., '98. E. T. B. GILLMORE.

Fable of a Political Hog.

AHOG, during a political campaign, hearing a great deal of talk around the barnyard about pigs and pork and one thing and another of a disquieting nature, became very thoughtful and at length decided on Bold Stroke. Waiting until his Master had gone to attend a Patron meeting he ran away to the Woods and resolved never again to affiliate himself with the old party on whose farm he had dwelt. He would be an independent hog. But it grieved him sore to find no trough anywhere. Meeting a Squirrel he unbosomed himself in the hope of getting some pointers from the experienced little woodswoman.

"It's no longer safe for me to live anywhere but in the woods," he grunted. "A lot of my people went into politics and were given a regular palace at the Humber, but they all got stuck up. It ended in cholera. Some other hogs I learn, got registrarships; and if I grow fat I will be marketed, and if I remain thin then they will think I have cholera or registrarship or some of those new diseases, and I'll be chunked and sent to the Central Prison. That's why I've taken to the woods. But I can't climb trees—you all climb trees, I see. You must show me how."

"No," said the Squirrel. "I live in a hole in the ground. You can root a hole for yourself."

The Hog rooted a fine hole and backed down into it. He had never felt so good in his life.

He was free. A Hunter came along and poked a long stick down the hole.

The Hog tried to look out to see if it was the hired man with a

pail of swill, but the Hunter on seeing the tip of his nose cried "Bear," and shot the Hog through the eye, so that he died without getting a chance to explain himself.

MORAL.

A Pig ends in pork whichever way it may turn, and there is no use getting into a stew until called on.

—

Social Battles in Washington.

NOT only are the politicians at Washington noted for the erratic quality of their statesmanship, but now and then there occurs a very strained state of affairs in the social arena, owing to differences between the wives of public men. There are many and oft-recurring causes of jealousy and at times the hostilities are so severe as to rival in interest the follies of Senators and Congressmen. There was an interchange of courtesies at a recent reception, in which the wife of a former Congressman and the wife of a bureau official were the principals. It was a crowded afternoon affair, and the ex-Congressman's wife was assisting the hostess in receiving the guests. When the wife of the bureau official was presented, the hostess said to the woman of the receiving party: "You know Mrs. Blank, don't you?" "Certainly," said the ex-Congressman's wife, "I would know her anywhere by that pink dress." The cheeks of the bureau official's wife were suffused with a rosy glow, but she turned on her tormentor and said: "Probably if my husband had been mixed up in as many questionable transactions as yours, madam, it would not be necessary for me to wear my pink reception-dress so often as to cause comment." Every word rang out clear and sharp upon the ears of the astonished guests. Inasmuch as there had been frequent criticism of the ex-Congressman for his connection with questionable transactions, the force of the bureau official's wife's retort can readily be imagined.

Still another woman prominent in capitoline society recently sustained severe discomfiture at a fancy-dress ball for which she had moved heaven and earth to obtain an invitation. It appears that the woman who was to give

the entertainment and the one who was so anxious to become a guest, both patronized the same dressmaker. There had been some feeling between the two, growing out of a previous social affair, and the hostess of the ball determined to even up all scores. Accordingly she called upon their mutual friend, the dressmaker, and learned the material which would be used in making up the ball-dress for the unwelcome guest. When the latter arrived at the house and was ushered into the ball-room, she was chagrined and enraged beyond expression to find the entire room, walls, ceiling and doorways, draped with material which was an exact match for the dress upon which she had bestowed so much pains and money. There was not much peace of mind for her that evening, and she is still planning how to be revenged for the affront.

Books and Shop-Talk.

Mr. Bolton Hall, who was recently in Toronto delivering lectures, is issuing a book entitled *Even as You and I*. It is in simple form and calculated to show who pays the taxes.

February 5, 1898

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

7

Music and the Drama in New York.

"If music be the food of love, play on."Mrs. Gerrit Smith,
Solo Soprano.

NEW YORK players and theater-goers are at present interesting themselves in two romances concerning which the dramatic reporter finds ample scope for his soliloquies. We do not refer to Mr. Crane's new play—though it is popular enough—nor to Julia Marlowe in *The Countess Valeska*; nor yet to the question as to whether or not the sequel to *The Prisoner of Zenda* will be dramatized. The subjects under discussion are not pathetic monologues, like the *Veteran of Waterloo*, nor are they thronged with participants like *The Conquerors* at the Empire. On the contrary, they may both be termed dialogues, which, abounding in sundry episodes, and being preceded with the conventional length of prologues, will terminate, we trust, with satisfactory epilogues. The first of these pretty stories came to light when, a week or two ago, Maurice Barrymore received the announcement of his daughter Ethel's engagement to Laurence Irving of the Lyceum Theater, London. The next act will take place when, in the early spring, the promising playwright and the bright young actress will be married under their own names, Ethel Blyth and Laurence Broadrib.

The second romance has a little more color it even savors of the melodramatic, and like the first has something to do with the Lyceum Theater, but in the Yankee, not the English metropolis. Everyone admires pretty, Mary Manning; as for the matineé girl, she fairly adores the art and stage presence of James K. Hackett, who for weeks has been ill with typhoid fever. To the surprise of all, except a few intimate friends, it became known lately that on May 2 these two, like Romeo and Juliet, whose parts they had often played together, were secretly married. So the first act in this case was performed behind the curtain.

Shortly before his illness, Mr. Hackett was favored with the following poetic effusion, which was written in a school-girl hand:

I'm not considered much at verse
And yet I think I might be worse.
Still, in this little paragraph
I'll ask you for your autograph.
Now, please don't think me very rude
To press you in this verse so crude,
But if I do incur your wrath,
Please send along your autograph!

We are happy to add that the request was granted.

This reference to the Lyceum calls to mind



Scene from "The Little Minister."

Pinero's comedy in five acts, known as *The Princess and the Butterfly*, which, for a number of weeks, held sway at that theater. It is a cutting satire, and abounds in amusing as well as dramatic situations. The leading roles have been sustained by Mr. Hackett, William Courtleigh (his understudy), Edward Morgan, Mary Manning and Julie Opp of St. James's Theater, London. The music, which extended through the entr'actes, was well chosen, the first number on the programme being Beethoven's overture to *Prometheus*. The orchestra, which was placed under the stage, was composed entirely of stringed instruments, and contrasted delightfully with that noisy performance, *The Telephone Girl*, seen at the Casino on the preceding evening, when, to enhance the realism, bells rang at given intervals and in unexpected places throughout the house. And here, in passing, it may be said that,

Mary Manning and James K. Hackett
in "The Princess and the Butterfly."

merely from our own point of view, the last named performance is an excellent one—not to say the best.

The *Tree of Knowledge*, *A Ward of France* and *The Royal Box* have met with success, but the most powerful magnet this season is Maude Adams in *The Little Minister*. The play is

pleasing and odd, the support is tolerably good and the scenery appropriate; the aged elders are doubly amusing because their presence on the stage is incongruous. Robert Edeson is handsome, and though not excessively ministerial in manner claims our sympathy. But the charm of the play rests in the acting of Maude Adams as the gipsy girl. This young artist is the most popular actress in New York, and she is very highly respected. As a young and insignificant youth once said of Miss Adams, while he sighed and looked pathetically hopeless: "She can have me any time!"

But it was our purpose to tell in this letter of the opening of the grand opera season, to describe Melba's triumph in *Traviata* and Gadski's in *Tannhauser*, and to narrate how the papers praised Mile. Toronto. Instead of this we have been gossiping for several paragraphs! What will the editor say? Our intentions were the best, and we took copious notes in order to be accurate, so for the rest of the allotted space music must reign supreme.

In the first place *Traviata* is not a very beautiful opera, but it gives Melba plenty of chances to sing and trill—as only she can—and that is the reason Damrosch chose it for the initial performance this season. This prima donna was not disappointed; she gained applause, bouquets and recalls, as of yore. The second opera given was *Tannhauser*, when Gadski, Kraus, Fischer and Bispham were in the cast. That which impressed us most favorably on this occasion was the acting (not the singing) of Kraus. He is a young, fine-looking German, who is evidently determined to succeed. His histrionic ability may be likened to that of Jean de Reszke, though his voice will never bear comparison with that artist's. Kraus was the recipient of two large wreaths tied with gay ribbons, also of numerous floral tributes. On Friday evening Die Meistersinger was sung, and on Saturday afternoon, January 22, Mile. Toronto made her appearance as Siebel and happily scored a success. The *Times* said of her on the following day:

Mile. Toronto is a promising young woman. On the stage she looks a little like Marie Stadelman, but there is more of her. Her voice is a pure soprano of light color but of sufficient body. She sang the Flower Song very prettily, albeit she was suffering from a cold. Mile. Toronto is a promising young woman and is welcome.

To this we wish to add that a Canadian who has the courage to step on to this stage, to gain the approbation of that stern body, the New York musical critics, and who wears and is glad to claim, the name Toronto, deserves something more than a laurel-wreath upon her return.

On Monday evening, January 24, *Aida* was given, and on Wednesday *Lohengrin*. During the intervening day Mr. David Bispham enjoyed a change from his operatic duties, when he sang in Mrs. Albert Adams' large and luxurious mansion for the benefit of the "four hundred." The musical programme was arranged and directed by Mrs. Gerrit Smith, who sang also, and the other artists were: Miss Julie Opp, Dr. Gerrit Smith and Mr. Barend Van Gerbig. It was one of those rare afternoons when society and music intermingle and refresh each other.

Our last item is that representatives of the Lamb's Club are going "on the road." They will visit the largest cities of the United States, including Buffalo, and in their company will be some of the most distinguished actors of the day. The object is to reduce the debt on their Club, and their performances promise to be exceptionally good. It is to be hoped that they may include Toronto in their circuit, for though much is heard of the music in that vicinity, the list of plays and players might well be increased. There are two arts which advance hand in hand, and as unity insures strength we have much to expect from music and the drama.

New York, Jan., '98. HUME CASWELL.

Peter, Billy and Others.

IHAVE tried for many reasons to give him another name, but Peter he must remain; nothing else can indicate his peculiar personality. Peter is my ideal of a devilish horse. I never wanted to experience

Peter. I was but a child when I knew him, but Peter rampant in a sloping hillside pasture outlined against the sky of very hot summer, is a conception that does not fade with time nor merge into that of any more likable horse. It is a fearful thing to contemplate how one goes on recklessly gathering ideals in youth, of men and maidens and horses and other things, and how one may never escape from these ideals in later life even under the most favorable circumstances. Peter is one of my ideals.

He was (I believe he must externally have passed away by this time) a farm horse, but he had nothing to do with farm labor on account of his patrician devil nature—he was driven by women, whom he had reduced to a condition of utter servitude, and it was then I knew him. On Sunday, Peter's Sunday, it was necessary to go to church. The merest infant amongst us had to trudge miles on a blazing day so that Peter might have his Sunday, although he never did anything through the week; and on our return, limping like veterans, there was Peter exulting in his hillside pasture. I used to wish that some equine equivalent for church might be devised so that Peter might know what it was to suffer.

When the feminine authorities did venture to take Peter out for a drive, directions were issued to sit fast at the first hill, for then Peter in his displeasure would try to break the necks of the company. That could be borne, for it was exciting, but it must be admitted that it was hard even for the sense of humor of an infant to spend half an hour in some obscure meandering of a grassgrown country road while Peter sulked motionless and the lady in charge repeated at intervals, "Now, don't laugh, it makes him so angry; Peter won't be laughed at."

Hail and farewell! Peter, my most familiar shadow of the immalleability of horse nature, is long and long ago since I departed forever from the pestilential region of your hoofs.

Billy was another, but not cross, poor Billy, merely eccentric. His best peculiarity became evident on a rail-track. He lived near the most villainous level crossing known to man, and whenever Billy reached it he would put down

Writing the Valentine.
Harper's Monthly.

"I am afraid I'll have to give it up, Mollie. I can't think of a rhyme to lover that will do in that last couplet."

"Tell me what you can do. Write the last two syllables illegibly, and let him find out what it is for himself."

his shaggy, foolish, country head and snuff at the steel rails until every express train in creation would seem to be projecting itself towards both hidden corners of that inexplicable approach to commerce. I never see the wild, free, clumsy brace of creatures harnessed to a farmer's wagon, trotting curiously home from market past the trolleys, with bright eyes and unmanured looks, without seeing Billy again and wondering how many masters have been sacrificed to his innocent diversion. For nothing was ever done to Billy; he snuffed on unmolested even by a remonstrance; it was a habit that Billy was always going to get over, but Billy never did.

Heigh-ho, and was it only last summer that a farmer's boy in a remote hamlet was detected in the act of shooting home the cows on a bicycle? What would Peter or Billy have said to that? Mere human life would have been at a premium. But it is still possible occasionally to hang over a bridge in Rosedale and bless some man far down below for riding on a horse.

There have been exceptions even in this humorous experience, and Charlie B. was one of them. He came from The Island, not The Island commonly known as Hanlan's Point, but another The Island, far away. Immediately on his arrival Charlie B. was given an opportunity to show his paces on the beach, and he apparently had been brought up inland on The Island, for he did not recognize the waves. Wind has blown as fast as Charlie B. seemed to go that day, but not too often. There are progressions more triumphant than any electric car, conclusions more startling than the humor of any comic opera. And that was a propitious day. We came in together, but no more could be said.

But yet one thing remains. In the days when there were still obstacles in the way of reading novels, especially some novels, we found a book. The story did not hang on the verge; it plunged right in on the first page. There was a woman with tawny hair, standing in the midst of a storm-tossed avenue of trees. To her came thundering out of the night a dark man with eyes, on a galloping coal-black horse. The heaving sides of the horse were flecked with foam, and the pits of his nostrils were red; oh, well do I remember, the pits of his nostrils were red. The man pulled the horse back on his haunches, and the woman poured out bitter words, (which contained the embryo plot of a highly exciting novel, as the infant mind was quite capable of receiving); and the man and the horse galloped on. Then the book was unavoidably removed. The name of the author, the name of the novel, every clue to the identity of that book, except its style, has disappeared, but the woman with the tawny hair, the dark man with the eyes, and the galloping coal-black horse have remained. Perchance it is better so, but if I were to find that precious volume fallen like a roc's egg in the night, I would put off a most important engagement and read it to-morrow.

RHUE.

Toronto, Jan., '98. HUME CASWELL.

The Countess of Klondike.

Canadian Gazette.

Yukon has been conspicuously to the front at Blenheim Palace. At the recent theatricals the Duchess of Marlborough appeared as the Countess of Klondike and sang a song, four verses of which ran as follows:

Of course I saw the Jubilee;
It was a living function.
I saw the Queen, the Queen saw me,
And bowed with specialunction.

State concerts, operas, and plays
Innumerable pleased me;
I intermingled nights with days,
Until the megrims seized me.

And now I've reached this distant isle,
I'll hope for peace and quiet;
It's possible that man is vile,
But there will be no riot.

Guarded by many a faithful tyke,
I'll cultivate my reason,
And save the fortune of Klondike
Until another season.

A Street of Wonders.

Tis a very plain, ordinary kind of street to the eye at first glance. Respectable residences rise right at the sidewalk, as respectable residences do where taxes are high and no space is to be wasted. The houses are of brown stone and are very neatly and symmetrically built, each stone looking precisely the same as the others. In fact, it's a most conventional-looking street, grave, middle-aged and moderately well-to-do. But strange things happen in sight of those brown-stone fronts: wonderful and startling things take place in view of those stained-glass windows.

He was an old man, bent and broken. His scant gray hair fell unkempt over his shoulders. He walked with eyes on the ground, his stick thumping the sidewalk at every step. Suddenly he stopped. His face was working convulsively as a weak-nerved old man's will. From his breast-pocket he took a bundle of papers.

"No, no," he muttered, "they sha'n't have these, they sha'n't have these. My son left them with me, and nobody shall take them from me."

The United States at Home.

[This letter is from a responsible and level-headed citizen of Denver, Colorado. When at home he writes in Denver, and therefore his report on the state of feeling which he has encountered in the Republic is not to be lightly discounted.]

THE cost of living in Denver is about twenty-five per cent. more than in Toronto. The climate is dry, the air clear and pure, the altitude about six thousand feet, the sun almost a daily visitor, and undoubtedly those suffering from lung or bronchial troubles may, if they come in time and remain sufficiently long, receive great benefit or possibly be cured, but the majority of those who reach here in quest of health come too late.

A few things have struck me as incongruities in this land where all men are supposed to be free and equal. At the time I first reached here a suit was going on, colored man vs. the leading opera house here. The colored man had purchased a reserved seat ticket for a play going on at the theater, and attired in evening dress and unobjectionable in his get-up and demeanor was ushered to his seat. A few moments later, at the instance of the manager, he was told that he must move out on account of his color. He refused and was ejected. He brought suit, had the law clearly upon his side and should have had an unappealable verdict at the first court. Instead of this the theater was allowed to carry the matter along from court to court, making it so expensive for the colored man that he had to drop the case, practically beaten and financially ruined. In this State—while a breach of the law is for the most part winked at—it is a misdemeanor for a colored man to marry a white woman or a white man a colored woman. A short time ago the lawyer for the defendant set up the plea that his colored client could not be tried by a jury of whites, as, owing to the difference in their social position and treatment, the whites were the colored man's superiors and not his peers. This argument staggered the judge for a moment, but was finally overruled. While speaking of trials a very amusing thing occurred here a few days since. A white woman was charged in the police court of stealing coal from a railroad yard. The accusation was admitted, but mercy was asked for, and when the woman marched up before His Honor, followed by eleven youngsters ranging from infancy to fifteen years of age, the heart of the Bench was melted and the prisoner was allowed to go free. Afterwards it became known that she had returned nine borrowed youngsters to their respective mothers.

I have read with interest a number of letters from Colonel Denison to the *Globe*, and from an Englishman whose name I forgot, taking exception to some of the Colonel's statements in reference to the feeling in this country towards Great Britain and the action Canada should take in the premises. It seems to me that the Englishman shares with nearly all Old Country people the alluring fallacy that "blood is thicker than water," that our neighbors to the south of us are our cousins, brothers, fellow-countrymen, etc., etc. This, I am convinced from observation, from reading the ordinary run of the United States newspapers, and from the action from time to time of the United States Government and Senate, is a wholly erroneous impression. I am convinced that there is in this country a widespread feeling of hatred to England and that a great number of the people of the United States would welcome a war with England, so much so that should England at any time feel her resources taxed to the full by European complications, a conflict would be precipitated. I am satisfied that the United States ultimately intend to not only attain possession of Hawaii and Cuba by annexation, or purchase, or otherwise, but that she will never be content until the Stars and Stripes replace the Union Jack as the flag of the Dominion.

I attribute this feeling of hatred to a number of causes: Jealousy of England, her institutions, her power, and her titled aristocracy, the galling sense of being her money debtor, but more than all or any other reason to the fact that for years her school-children have been taught that England has always been, is now and ever will be, the bullying, domineering neighbor of the United States. Pick up almost any United States publication for youths and you will find well written articles on the valor of "Americans," and the cowardice of Englishmen, and in no case will you find that the Yankee has come out second best. Tell a Denver boy that during the war of 1812, fourteen hundred captured United States ships were sold as prizes in London, that two-thirds of the business men of the Republic became bankrupt, that the shipping trade of the United States fell off enormously and has scarcely recovered the position it occupied in 1807, and he would not believe you simply because he has never heard this side of the story. Boys, so misinformed and inflamed, are now some of them men, merchants, mechanics, politicians, soldiers. Is it any wonder they are eager to speak ill of England and ready at any time to do her an injury? A word as to Canada's position: It seems to me that Col. Denison possibly overrates, not the courage, but the physical power of Canada to hold in check our southern neighbors, should they ever elect to pay us a hostile visit. They outnumber us ten to one: they are a rich, strong, prosperous, brave nation, and while there is no question that Canadians, in all the attributes that go to make courageous, brave soldiers, are the peers of any in the world, there is a grave doubt in my mind whether we would, unless ably assisted, be able to withstand, as at present equipped, the onslaught of overwhelming numbers. It seems to me the line for Canada to pursue is quietly, and as inoffensively as possible, from time to time, as her resources will admit, to strengthen her defenses, her fighting strength, and, in a word, all that goes to make a modern nation respected by her neighbors. Let her hope for the best but prepare for the worst.

S. H.

This Picture and That.

THE STAGE.

Mistress.—We have met with reverses, Mary, and can no longer afford to keep a servant. You have served us faithfully many years, and it cuts me to the heart to say the words—but we shall have to learn to do without you.

Mary.—You can't, ma'am; and what's more, you sha'n't try! Who says that I want wages, anything else, except my mouthful of victuals and a board to lay on, when those that's more'n flesh and blood to me are in trouble? Don't say no more about it, for it can't be done!

(Applause.)

Mistress.—Bless you! you faithful old soul. It's the silver lining to our cloud of distress to know that we have such a staunch heart as yours to count on.

REAL LIFE.

"Biddy, your master is bankrupt, and I'm afraid you will have to look out for another situation."

Biddy.—Then it's a month's warning or a month's wages as I'll be takin', mem, beside the fifteen shillin' ye owes me for back arrears.

CANADIAN ABROAD.
Denver, Col., Jan. 27, '98.

"Mrs. Strucket affects the antique in her house decorations—" "Yes, she told me the other day she was heart-broken because she couldn't get the shades of her ancestors for her parlor windows."—*Truth*.

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Anecdotal.

On one occasion a wine merchant sent Lord Palmerston some special Greek wine, which he said was admirably adapted for gouty patients. Lord Palmerston tasted the wine. "I would rather have the gout," he said.

A friend of the late Lord Granville, noted for his baldness and avarice, was speaking one day about a mutual friend who was going to be married. "I would like to give him, my lord," said he, "something rare but not expensive. 'Present him a lock of your hair,' " Granville whispered sweetly.

When Renaud first went as senator to Paris, he engaged a room at a hotel and paid a month's rent—one hundred and fifty francs—in advance. The proprietor asked if he would have a receipt. "It is not necessary," replied Renaud; "God has witnessed the payment." "Do you believe in God?" sneered the host. "Most assuredly!" replied Renaud; "don't you?" "Not I, monsieur." "Ah," said the senator, "I will take a receipt, if you please."

On the eve of Mr. Gladstone's departure for France, when ominous reports were in circulation as to the state of his health, a friend asked the veteran statesman if his continuous reading and literary studies might not have had some undesirable effect on his nerves. "My dear sir," replied Mr. Gladstone, with an air of seriousness, "can you imagine what would be the condition of my nerves if I were compelled to do nothing?"

Two ladies in a Nebraska town were talking recently about the characteristics of Mr. Bryan. One was a Baptist and the other a Presbyterian. The lady who was a Baptist remarked that Mr. Bryan, who is a Presbyterian, had serious thoughts of joining the Baptist church. The other lady looked at her incredulously and after a while remarked, "Oh, no, he won't." "Why not?" "He would have to be immersed, and he's afraid to get out of sight of the people that long."

At the pension office in Columbus, Ohio, a battered person presented himself with a demand that his name be entered on the rolls. After some searching of the books the official refused. "I hardly think you are entitled to a pension," he said. "Your name does not appear on the war records. What battles were you in?" "Well, colonel," replied the applicant, "ter tell the plain truth, I wuzn't in any battles, but I lost my voice a hollerin' when G'nral Lee surrendered."

A rather blunt-spoken old minister, who

sometimes forgot that politeness was a virtue, was a great friend of Deacon Stubbs of Conservative Corners (says *Harper's*). One evening recently, at a business meeting, they differed, and the deacon secured a majority, somewhat to the parson's dissatisfaction. Then, with a smile that savored of sarcasm, he remarked, "I think Brother Stubbs is a fool to-night." To which the deacon readily replied, "No, I am not a fool, but if you claim the privilege of calling me brother, I admit that I am akin to one."

When Mr. Rudyard Kipling was a lad he went on a sea-voyage with his father, Mr. Lockwood Kipling, and the *Academy* prints an anecdote of that time, characteristic of the young writer's early grip on things. Soon after the vessel got under way Mr. Kipling went below, leaving the boy on deck. Presently there was a great commotion overhead, and one of the ship's officers rushed down and banged at Mr. Kipling's door. "Mr. Kipling," he cried, "your boy has crawled out on the yard-arm, and if he lets go he'll drown!" "Yes," said Mr. Kipling, glad to know that nothing serious was the matter. "But he won't let go."

The following story of the late General Havelock-Allan, told in an interview some time ago, is worth repeating. Fifty years ago General Havelock, the father of Sir Henry Havelock-Allan, was going with Dr. Brock and his son to a solicitor's office, and on passing over London Bridge the father told the boy, then about eighteen, to wait in a recess on the bridge until they returned for him. This was about eleven o'clock in the morning. At six in the evening the servant was told to tell young Mr. Havelock that dinner was waiting. A reply came that he had not been seen all day. Talking the matter over, the minister recollects the father telling the son to wait on the bridge. The General jumped into a hansom cab, drove to the bridge, and there found the boy.

There is in the United States War Department archives the application of a man who wanted to be an army chaplain during the administration of President Lincoln. Attached to it are a number of endorsements which are interesting as disclosing the characters of two men whose influence largely moulded the policy of the Government in those turbulent times. The endorsements read as follows:

Dear Stanton,—Appoint this man chaplain in the army.—A. Lincoln. Dear Mr. Lincoln,—He is not a preacher.—E. M. Stanton. The following endorsements are dated a few months later, but come just below: Dear Stanton,—He is now.—A. Lincoln. Dear Mr. Lincoln,—But there is no vacancy.—E. M. Stanton. Dear Stanton,—Appoint him chaplain at large.—A. Lincoln. Dear Mr. Lincoln.—There is no warrant of law for that.—E. M. Stanton. Dear Stanton,—Appoint him, anyhow.—A. Lincoln. Dear Mr. Lincoln,—I will not.—E. M. Stanton. The appointment was not made, but the papers were filed in the War Office, where they remain as evidence of Lincoln's friendship and Stanton's obstinate nature.

LADY GAY.

A will-o'-the-wisp thing is first love, as you and I, who have fallen in and out of it, well know. There is mother-love, sung and honored the wide world over, which gives and gives and is never weary, and surely should be pure, if ever a love be so. But mother-love is sometimes unwise, and under its cloak queer things are excused and done; and some day it finds itself vainly seeking a return, as is natural, but selfish, and the world is full to-day of bitter whispering Rachels who have loved their children well, only to find them lacking when the mothers were in need.

There is a love which comes as near the Divine as any I have studied, and it is the love of woman for a man from whom she may never hope for any adequate return. Often it is that the woman is much older; perhaps she is bound elsewhere; perhaps circumstances separate her from the one to whom she gives this precious and brooding affection, a thing so spiritual, so unselfish, and often so unaccountable, that if one knew of it and had no further proofs, one would believe in the soul. Coming upon this question of mine

the woman is much older; perhaps she is bound elsewhere; perhaps circumstances separate her from the one to whom she gives this precious and brooding affection, a thing so spiritual, so unselfish, and often so unaccountable, that if one knew of it and had no further proofs, one would believe in the soul. Coming upon this question of mine

I know that this was the purest love. If you remember, the woman who loves the hero is already married, and the careless reader will go on for chapters without knowing she loves.

It is so delicately told, then, when the fine, sensitive creature might have gathered in her selfish sheaves, but does not, for the man, not growing as she does, has been garnered elsewhere, and at the end of the tale sends her his eldest son—for what? for the blessing of being loved by her. When she sees him she flings her empty arms about his neck, and the tall young man looks into her aging face, sees the young soul alight in her eyes, and says, "I don't wonder now at the way my father loves you." Such a love is surely as purely spiritual as the love of the angels whose "neither marrying nor giving in marriage" is the figure under which we discern what purity love may attain; and to those who can take it in, the atmosphere of that novel, *The Choir Invisible*, is as vitalizing as the upper air of the hills of heaven. As I said, it makes one very conscious of one's soul.

SHATTERED NERVES.

The Most Prevalent Trouble of the Century

It Attacks People of Both Sexes and All Ages
-4 Complete Breakdown Follows Unless Prompt Measures For Relief Are Taken.

From the *Newmarket Era*.

Probably the most prevalent trouble on this continent to-day is nervous prostration. How frequently we hear this term, and yet how few appear to realize its full deadly import. Nervous prostration is to be found among people of all walks in life, and among children as well as adults. Among young people it is often the result of our high pressure system of education. Among those of more mature years it may be due to the cares of business, or to overwork, or worries in the home. But whatever the cause the inevitable result is a breaking down both mentally and physically, unless prompt measures are taken to stay the ravages of the disease and restore the shattered nerve forces to their normal condition. One such sufferer who has regained health gives her experience for the benefit of less fortunate. Miss Edith Draper, who resides with her parents at Belhaven, Ont., is a young lady who is very popular among her circle of acquaintances, and they all rejoice at her restoration to health. To a reporter who called upon her she gave the following particulars concerning her illness and cure. "You know," said the young lady, "how ill I was last winter, when my friends feared that I was going into a decline. In the early part of the winter both father and mother were attacked with la grippe, and I had to look after them as well as attend to the household work. The strain was more than I could stand, and the result was I fell ill. The doctor who was called in said my trouble was nervous prostration and that it would take considerable time for me to recover. Under his care I was after a short while able to leave my room and go about the house, but my nerves did not seem to regain their strength. My limbs would twitch as though I had St. Vitus' dance, I was subject to headaches, had a very poor appetite and was so weak that I could scarcely go about. I had been advised to try Pink Pills and one day spoke to the doctor about them, and he said he believed they would do me good. I got three boxes, and by the time I had used them I felt they were helping me and I got a further supply. By the time I had taken six boxes I was feeling stronger and better than I had for years. All the twitching in my limbs had disappeared and my nerves seemed as strong as ever they had been. I still took the pills for a little while longer to make certain that the cure was complete, and since the day I discontinued them I have not felt the slightest return of the trouble. I feel that my present excellent health is due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I am glad to be able to recommend them to any one whose nerves are in a shattered condition."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a tonic medicine. By their use the blood is renewed, and the nerves made strong and vigorous, and in this way disease is driven from the system. As a spring medicine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are unsurpassed. If feeling languid or "out-of-sorts" a box or two will restore you to vigorous activity. Ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and take nothing else.

Younger sister (sentimentally)—They say love is blind. Elder sister—And dumb, too, I think.—Bazar.

"Yes, my sight improved just as soon as I was 'blind postmaster,'" "How do you account for it?" "Readin' postal-cards."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Nell—Do you believe there is any luck in a rabbit's foot? Edith—Indeed I do. Why, I knew a girl who used one to spread her powder with and she married a man with nearly a million.

A Storm is Brewing.

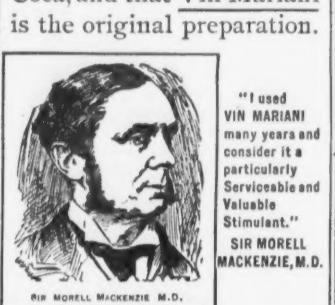
Your old rheumatism tells you so. Better get rid of it and trust to the weather reports. Scott's Emulsion is the best remedy for chronic rheumatism. It often makes a complete cure.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be unanswered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosed letters unless accompanied by coupons are not desired.

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The Toronto Art Loan Exhibition.

THE Art Loan Exhibition, the result of so much planning, interviewing, conferring, is almost at its close. The projectors have very many reasons for being gratified with the results of their efforts. To those who viewed it seriously, the display, though small, is full of instruction and interest, and some amusement. To those who viewed it *en masse*, as many seemed content to do, it is in the main pleasant to the eyes. To all the effect could not be other than salutary. As is common with many such undertakings, many things are discovered as "might have been" when we see the *ensemble* and are somewhat familiar with its minutiae. These are painfully apparent to none more than to those who have tried to realize their ideals in its arrangement. Others who had no ideals to realize and would never by any chance try to realize them if they had, often see, too, where failure attends. For instance, why certain paintings are hung where they are, why some are present and others more meritorious are absent, are echoes which have rolled down the ages and are familiar sounds in the ears of hanging committees; why in arranging a Japanese tea-room that most artistic nation should be represented by cheap umbrellas and cheaper lanterns, in view of all their delicate embroidery, pottery, etc., more to the purpose. Why an antique room should be draped with such

modern and conventional, and somewhat inharmonious hangings is also to be asked. These are all very minor considerations when viewed with all that was accomplished and all that was truly artistic and educative. There are many, many objects, indeed, the seeing of any one of which would repay the public many times the cost of entrance. Could some such similar display stand always open to Toronto citizens it would be a great moral and educational force; and would but a fraction of the tired, worried mortals who run against one hurrying through the streets, who

"Like the gods of northern legends
On their shoulders bear the sky."

turn in occasionally to such a resting-place, it would prove to them a veritable Elfin.

The entrance hall and stairway contain several good paintings, notably The Isle of St. Denis, by Frere; the excellent Sheep, by Morris, loaned by Mrs. Church, and several good portraits loaned by G. Tower Fergusson. The Barns, by Raeburn, is fine, and the old lady who with such placidity and geniality looked down on the passing crowd—we felt an instinctive desire to kiss the folded hands and humbly apologize for our innate frivolity and insipidity of character, and our perpetual fussing. But then, as we affectionately reminded her, she did not live in our age. She had never run to catch an electric car, nor jumped at the swirl of the telephone, and as for a bicycle, why, of course, she never rode one. And as her intelligent eyes followed us down the corridor we felt she pitied our driven condition, and would fain clasp us in her motherly arms and tell us how to possess our souls in patience. The sweet face of Mrs. Wyly Grier, the work of her husband, also adorned the wall, and J. W. L. Forster's excellent portrait of Rev. Dr. Gregg. The five Indian scenes by Paul Kane are treasures of historical interest, and remind us of the need for some patriotic, whole-souled Canadian artist to rise and keep for us the records of our country's early history, which are fast being lost. Its early conflicts, its places of historical interest, the manners and customs of the earlier inhabitants, the Indians—these are being lost to art.

We cannot attempt anything like a complete account of either the artists represented in the picture gallery, their subjects, or by whom loaned. Much of this is to be found in the programme, and those who failed to go to see, who could have gone, why—do not deserve to be told, and likely would not appreciate it if we did tell them. Paintings never can show to their full advantage in a picture gallery. The subjects which seem to touch each other necessarily, often border on the ludicrous. All cannot be in good light; a certain clashing of coloring is inevitable. There are many excellent works of art in this collection. If only the two paintings loaned by Mrs. John Morrow were present it would be an art gallery. The landscape by Leader, and Rosa Bonheur's Foxes, are the opportunity of a lifetime to many. These two alone are insured during this week for \$35,000 (speaking commercially). Several landscapes held the attention and transported one into the midst of pulsating musical atmosphere, among green trees, on green swards or beside placid waters. Ernest Parton, C. Hayes, Weedon and several others are delightful. Some charming landscapes by Canadian artists are noticeable—Mr. Blatchley, Mr. R. F. Gagen, Mr. J. T. Rolph, Mr. John Fraser and others. Mr. O'Brien's Hayfield contains such a delicious effect of diffused sunlight and hazy, dreamy distance. Edes' Sheep is truly poetical, and Cattermole's figures are lifelike and good in coloring. Mr. Wyly Grier loans, through Mrs. F. B. Johnston, one of his little Italian girls, which he presents always in such artistic treatment. Mr. Knowles has two conspicuous fishing scenes, brilliant and clean and poetical, as Mr. Knowles is wont to be. Mr. Bell-Smith has several of his characteristic scenes. Priceless Treasures by Ricci is one of the gems of the collection. Of figure subjects several good ones are present; one loaned by Mrs. Morrow is particularly virile and rich in color. Cardinal Richelieu by Murillo is no doubt excellent in technique, but to our mind very bad art. It contains neither inspiration to live nor encouragement to die. A gem indeed is the girl by Gabriel Max. It is as near a representation of a spirit as it can be discerned in this environment of ours of flesh and bones. The body is, what it should be, but the casing of a beautiful soul, which dominates and indelibly, unmistakably impresses on every fleshly external its character and individuality. Mr. G. A. Reid is well represented by his Clockmaker and a landscape somewhat impressionistic. Puppies, in innocent but dangerous proximity to a lobster, is a fine piece of realism. One wonders how long the puppies waited to pose. The expressions are highly amusing and we naturally find ourselves conjecturing if that lobster should assert himself how many puppies would be on the scene—one likely. The background is an excellent piece of still life. Mr. Sherwood is represented by two figure subjects. We bowed in profound admiration before some fine architectural paintings. Mrs. Reid sends some lovely roses, so artistic in composition and tender in treatment. There are many others worthy of all attention, two sweet little landscapes loaned by Lady Thompson; and if any of my readers have not seen this collection there is still a chance to do so to-day, and they will be better fitted for worship on the day following.

The room furnished by the Woman's Art Association presented a beautiful appearance. They were favored with particularly good light and displayed together to great advantage a somewhat difficult collection of paintings and china. This organization has done a great deal to enthuse many young artists, to give them the support and strength which comes from community of interests. Of its leading spirit, Mrs. M. E. Dignam, it can truthfully be said in the words of one who knows our Canadian art world, "the most progressive woman in art in Canada." This sounds elaborate, but certainly no one lady in art has shown herself to be possessed of such admirable public spirit and liberal progressive mind. The strides the Association has made, and the fruit of its hands to-day, are its own evidence. The ceramic display is large, varied and original. It is an interesting study to compare it with the display of antique china. The richness of coloring, artistic designing and many other points,

make our modern work very desirable. Already the study of this art has produced new shapes in china, and who knows but yet it may bring Canadian pottery? At an art loan a hundred years from now will surely be shown the Victorian cup and the beautiful ceramic art of 1897.

Of paintings, Mrs. Dignam, Miss McConnell, Mrs. Hemsted, Miss B. Williams, Mrs. Scott and others contribute. Miss Hemsted sends some lovely miniatures, as does also Miss Archibald. Madame Vander Linde's case of miniatures partakes of the naturalness and simplicity of that sweet little lady herself. Mrs. Elliott's illustrations are well known and much appreciated. Miss Springer also contributes illustrations.

The antique room contains many examples of old furniture from the firm of Jenkins & Co. in mahogany and rosewood, those desirable and almost extinct woods, in Chippendale, Sheraton, Hepplewhite, and Adams manufacture. Several lovely tables are shown. A card-table, mahogany, inlaid with different woods, satinwood, tulip-wood, ebony; a revolving double-decked tea-table, an ebony-veneered buhl table inlaid with wood and pearl, with ormolu facings; chairs of different descriptions, armorial in dark walnut; *habentum* in black willow; Flemish baronial in black oak, Elizabethan with its duck feet; looking-glasses of the first Empire; ancient carved oak chests; a large secretaire inlaid with fine woods, a combination of styles, large hall-table and side-board; old empire carved settles with claw feet, and many other ancient and honorable pieces of furniture. Beautiful fruit and flower epergnes in ormolu are loaned by Mrs. Gzowski. Other objects of interest, which we cannot here describe, add interest to the room—the inlaid table and tabouret, loaned by Mrs. (Prof.) Robinson; the copper trays in Clement Heaton's celebrated work, the property of Mr. Knowles; a perfectly convex looking-glass; pieces of old china; the sword of Wolfe; and particularly the excellent portraits by Lely, Sir Joshua Reynolds and others.

The antique china is so well classified and so distinctly labeled as to make it one of the most intelligible collections. The fans and lace of Lady Aberdeen are an art display in themselves, and had we only seen the exquisite lace fan in pearl, hand lace, and the panel of silk lace made by a Chinese lady, we would deem it time well spent. The collection of photographs is large and very pleasing, as are the "illustrations."

Of the collection of curios much cannot be said. The beautiful model of the famous Taj Mahal, loaned by Mrs. Builder; the models of Hindu temples, and of the Japanese house; the objects of interest from India, loaned by Rev. N. Russell; fine bits of lace; rare jewelry; beautiful Bieleck china; ancient books; Egyptian manuscript loaned by Rev. Dr. Caven, and innumerable other objects, each with a history, go to make up a most interesting display.

Scattered throughout the building are various pieces of statuary, mostly, with exception of the statue of Sir John Thompson, which is by Heybert of Montreal, the work of Mr. Hamilton MacCarthy, and some French statuary in the music room. No doubt it is quite *comme il faut* that these should be distributed in favorable spots, and adds very much to the general effect of the rooms; but to see the full force of statuary and to read its meaning a comparison of the figures is essential. These figures are all as different in the marble and bronze, in character, as the originals were in lifetime. The lofty dignity and spirituality of E. Lally, loaned by Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy, impress one very much; Principal Grant, Dr. Williamson, Hart A. Massey are characteristic figures; Sir John Thompson is himself. Two groups, Burns and his Highland Mary, and the more graceful and artistic Paul and Virginia, also grace the hall; a dream of beauty, Night, stands in the music room.

JEAN GRANT.

Why They Stared.

An odd experience of a "famous naval architect" is narrated by *Odds and Ends*. Etiquette is a complicated social device and ignorance of it brings many curious results.

The naval architect was the guest of a prince of the German imperial family, and when out walking with his host observed that the side of the path he occupied was smoother and easier than that upon which the prince was walking. Thinking it to be only ordinary politeness, the guest changed from the left to the right side.

Then he noticed that the notables whom they met saluted the prince with profound respect, but stared at him as if they were very much surprised, and wondered who he was. In a short time the prince said:

"Did you observe that after you changed to my right side the people whom we met looked at you in great surprise?"

"Yes," was the architect's reply; and then he explained why he had changed his position. "Ah, yes! just so!" laughed the prince. "Well, I will explain why they looked so intently at you. It is a rule of the German court that the person of the highest rank shall occupy the right-hand side. All the people whom we met knew me, but when they saw you on my right hand, they supposed you to be a king, and wondered who you could be."

The guest promptly passed to the left side.

How a Woman Made Money in 1897.

Having read numerous accounts of persons making money easily, prompts me to give my experience. During the past few years I have tried selling various specialties, dish washers being included, but usually met with failure until I tried the Imperial Dish Washer. Since taking up this work I have made from \$100 to \$150 per month, and only worked part of the time.

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If any of our readers desire a profitable and gentle employment I would strongly recommend the business of selling these dish washers. Ladies can do the work as well as men. No experience is necessary.

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Brutus said to Caesar, who was preparing for an invasion of Britain: "Well, you have a lot of Gaul (gall)."

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PURE GOLD JELLY
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A MOST DELICIOUS TABLE DESSERT

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See you get Carter's. Ask for Carter's. Insist and demand

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The only perfect Liver Pill. Take no other, even if solicited to do so. Beware of imitations of same colored wrapper—RED.

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THE VERY BEST AT LOWEST MARKET PRICES
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388 Yonge Street
TELEPHONE AT ALL OFFICES

Morgan an Unsafe Leader.

San Francisco Argonaut.

THE Call remarks with much justice that Senator Morgan is an unsafe leader in the annexation question "or any other serious matter," and cites in support of its contention undisputed facts. The Behring Sea tribunal found us indebted to Great Britain in a sum equal to the value of her ships taken as prizes. Secretary of State Gresham appraised this amount at \$424,000, and the President, agreeing with him, sent Congress a message asking an appropriation to pay it. Senator Morgan was Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs and had been a member of the Paris tribunal. He attacked the appropriation, and said that we did not owe England a cent. He caused a supplementary court to be created to take testimony and ascertain whether we owed anything to Great Britain or not. This court has finished its labors of two years, sitting at Victoria, San Francisco, and elsewhere, and examining numbers of witnesses. It has reached the unanimous verdict that we justly owe Great Britain \$421,000 as found by Secretary Gresham, and that interest swelling it to \$464,000 must be paid by us, and the costs of this supplementary court—the total, \$800,000. We have, therefore, the sum of \$176,000 additional to pay as the result of following the leadership of Senator Morgan. Yet worse than this—he placed this country in the position of repudiating the verdict of a tribunal to which he had agreed to submit. He placed it in the further position of refusing to pay a sum of less than half a million dollars to Great Britain, the verdict of an arbitration tribunal, when that country had paid us fifteen millions of dollars under a similar verdict without delay or protest. Senator Morgan may be a wise man, a patriotic citizen, and a worthy leader—but we doubt it.

Then he noticed that the notables whom they met saluted the prince with profound respect, but stared at him as if they were very much



An English writer in a recent admirable article on the subject of choral singing very pertinently says, among other good things: "The recipe for a life salve is this, 'Like your friends and ride a hobby.' And as regards one's bread and cheese work, the heart and soul principle carries one through. The best way which I know to compass these ends is to join in choral singing. In a good society each executant is a finished artist, and there is thus a great social delight in forming one unit of a splendid whole. In the lesser societies, training and knowledge are gained; and however poor in ability one may be, there will be found others with whom to claim equality; or, if one is superior, there comes the pleasant sense of leading, and the duty of teaching. The initial difficulty is of course first the acquisition of a voice, and next the control of it; this, I have always strongly contended, is by no means beyond the reach of everyone. The stiffer bar is found in the lack of enthusiasm,—enthusiasm being an absolutely essential element in music. An American writer has recently said: 'The musician who has no gush in him is no musician: he is a machine. If human blood had not the red tincture of iron, it would be worthless as blood: that is, for human beings; it might serve the turn of a fish. And so a musician must have within him the glow of rapture; and, if he have merely a digital facility, he had better take to watch-making rather than piano playing. Technical knowledge, scientific instruction, and all the grades of poetic musing are valuable if they meet the requirements of good literature (the writer is speaking more particularly of the want of gush in the prevailing literature of music); but in the very center of this garden of multiform plants, let there be a fresh and irrepressible fountain of emotional enthusiasm. The fountain springs from unknown depths in the earth, and enthusiasm springs from the mysterious abysses of our spiritual life.' But this warmth for a work of love is not always present, even in the members of the best choral societies. In the Royal Choral Society, for example, I know of one vocally decrepit specimen who habitually brings a local newspaper to every concert and reads it during the solos, and this man is one of the most irregular attendants at rehearsal. Apart from the rustling of his paper, the very sight of it is naturally an annoyance to his neighbors. If one of these days he should be literally kicked off the orchestra which he disfigures, may I be present to add my hearty and enthusiastic pedal contribution! Concurrent with enthusiasm runs an expenditure of self—self sacrifice of a kind; for, although rehearsals are delightful on the whole, they occasionally need some very hard work and become tiresome, and they always involve a lot of time. Other accompaniments are a sense of solidarity, and, as I quote below, a public spirit."

The appended letter has been received from a local patron of the art divine. Whilst many will agree with much of the sentiment contained in the letter, our concert managers will fail to see the wisdom in scolding "society" for making the most of the social aspect of local concerts, especially since the support of society people makes it possible to arrange for concerts which otherwise could never be undertaken. It is also, perhaps, taking an extreme view of the case to sweepingly depreciate the musical calibre of society audiences, as many of our most enthusiastic and intelligent music patrons are very prominent in society as well. The enumeration of notables attending local concerts, with descriptions of dresses, etc., is not, as a rule, found in the columns devoted to musical criticism, but rather in columns reserved for the doings of society:

The Musical Editor of Saturday Night:

SIR.—A noticeable feature of our Toronto concerts is the importance of their society aspect, sometimes even taking precedence over their musical side. This is demonstrated by the fact that, in the musical columns of the press, *re concert criticism*, we see such expressions as "a very fashionable affair," "one of the social events of the season"; often the important people in the audience are enumerated and some of the more conspicuous dresses described.

It is an insult to the musical standing of the city when high-class music is put into the same category as an *At Home* or other society event. Of all audiences, the least appreciative is the strictly society one, or if they do show outward signs of appreciation, it is because they feel it to be the "correct thing." I realize that concerts must depend on society to a certain extent for financial support; but music cannot be brought to the level of society—society should rise to the level of music, and the press should aid in bringing this about. O. F. T.

As will be noticed by an announcement in another column, the Associated Board of the Royal Academy and Royal College of Music of London, England, are arranging for local examinations in Canada, similar to those which have already been held under the auspices of this influential body in Australia and other British Colonies. The president of the Associated Board is His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. Among other names on the Board I find Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Dr. C. Hubert Parry, Signor Randegger, Mr. Frederic Westlake, Sir Walter Parratt, Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Franklin Taylor, all musicians of eminence and wide reputation in the British musical world. A syllabus is being issued for Canada which will contain details as to the examination requirements, the fees to be charged for the same and the methods to be employed by the representatives of the Associated Board in conducting the examinations. As regards these examinations and the standard set by the Associated Board for the Colonies I will have more to say when I have examined into the syllabus more carefully. The Canadian honorary local representatives are: Mr. Sheriff Sweetland, Ottawa; Hon. L. J. Forget, Montreal; Lt.-Col. J. I. Davidson, Toronto; Adam Brown, Esq., Hamilton; Hon. R. R. Dobell, M.P., Quebec; H. H. MacLean, Esq., Q.C., St. John, N.B.; and Adolf Gregory, Esq., Van-

couver. The honorary general representative, Major MacLean, Montreal, will be happy to answer any questions affecting these examinations, or any enquiries may be addressed direct to the central office, 32 Maddox street, London W., England.

An important movement has been on foot for some time past to organize for Canada a series of local examinations in music of a grade in advance of the examinations which have been instituted in some of the colonies by the Royal Academy and Royal College of Music and other English examining bodies. The popularity with certain classes of the rather trivial examinations instituted by the English schools has suggested the desirability of a more advanced grade of examinations for this country under Canadian auspices and along lines which shall be in harmony with the natural trend of our musical development. The musical life of this country, as well as of the neighboring republic, draws its inspiration from no one source, but is influenced in music, as in other branches of education, by the best from all the leading countries of the Old World, a fact which has been recognized and remarked by foreign musicians of eminence who have visited this side of the Atlantic during recent years. It is believed by those best informed on the subject that any system of examinations introduced into this country, in which the progressive tendencies of the people are not taken into account, will not be likely to prove of permanent benefit to the cause, and, artistically at least, will be certain to result in failure. The plan which is now being formulated in Canada to arrange for examinations of a progressive and searching character will be announced in detail in the near future. The support which has been assured the movement by leading musicians in all parts of the country assures the immediate success of the undertaking.

Bloor street Presbyterian church was crowded to the doors on Monday evening last, on the occasion of a special service of praise, when the excellent choir of the church, assisted by a number of prominent soloists, rendered an admirable programme of sacred music. Both as regards the impressiveness of the service and the immense audience which attended, the occasion surpassed any previous event of the kind ever given in the church. The choir sang with remarkably fine effect three exacting anthems, showing the results of very careful and artistic training, such as reflected most creditably upon Mr. Blight, the able choirmaster. Miss Beverly Robinson, who assisted, sang Haydn's *With Verdure Clad*, and The Palms, by Faure, her refined phrasing, pure intonation, distinct enunciation and the spirit of devotion which pervaded both songs leaving a marked impression upon the audience. Mrs. Mackellar sang with much sentiment and in good voice Granier's Hosanna, and a simple hymn from the Church Hymnal. Solos were taken during the evening by Mr. A. E. Jackson of the choir, who gave an excellent rendering of Rossini's *Through the Darkness (Stabat Mater)*, and by Miss May Pugsley, soprano, and Mr. Courtice Brown, tenor. The organ solos contributed by Mrs. Blight, as well as the accompaniments played by this gifted lady, were among the artistic treats of a very enjoyable programme throughout.

Mr. R. G. Kirby, who for several years past has had charge of the choir of Euclid avenue Methodist church, and during which period the music of the church has been most materially improved, has resigned his position there to take charge of the music at Trinity Methodist church. Mr. Kirby's energy and his well known ability as a singer and leader will, without doubt, enable him to produce the same gratifying results at Trinity church as awarded his efforts at Euclid avenue.

Miss Dora L. McMurtry, the talented local soprano, who for the past four months has been pursuing her vocal studies in New York under the instruction of the eminent composer and vocal specialist, Mr. C. B. Hawley, returned to the city on Saturday last.

In recognition of the laudable aims of the Toronto Orchestra, under Herr Klingenberg's direction, the Lieutenant-Governor and Col. Sir Casimir Gzowski have been pleased to lend their patronage to the first concert of the organization on February 17.

Mr. J. D. Ritchie, of the Jarvis street Baptist church choir, has been engaged as choirmaster of Dovercourt road Baptist church.

Moderato.

Watts—There is no such thing as telling the quality of whisky that you taste these days, is there? Lushforth—No. The only test is the feel. Watts—The feel? Lushforth—Yes. And you have to wait till next morning for that.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

church, whose unaccompanied singing was a noteworthy feature of the concert, having been augmented to about forty voices for the occasion, also rendered the Hallelujah from the Messiah with an energy, clearness and precision which reflected much credit on their esteemed choirmaster, Mr. A. M. Gorrie. The fortunate assistance of such well known vocal soloists as Mrs. H. W. Parker, Miss Ella Ronan, Miss Mae Dickenson, Dr. T. B. Richardson and Mr. Victor Hutchison, promoted greatly the success of the concert. Three organ numbers were given during the course of the evening by Mr. Edmund Hardy, Mus. Bac., F. T. C. M., the organist of the church.

The Guilman organ recital at the Conservatory of Music on Monday evening, February 14, is already an assured success. As this will be M. Guilman's only appearance in Toronto this season, and in all probability the last occasion upon which he will ever be heard in this city, the fine concert hall of the Conservatory should be, and doubtless will be, crowded to the doors to hear this most famous of contemporary organists and organ composers. But for the enterprise of the Conservatory of Music the eminent French musician would not have been heard in this city this season. It is gratifying to those who have assumed the responsibility of his engagement to notice the measure of appreciation which is being shown by the public regarding this event. The plan opens at the Conservatory of Music on Monday morning at 10 a.m.

A delightful evening was spent by members of the Toronto Male Chorus Club and a number of invited guests at a reunion held in St. George's Hall on Thursday evening of last week. In the unavoidable absence of the genial and energetic president of the Club, Mr. Brouse, the evening's proceedings were presided over by Mr. R. S. Gourlay, vice-president, who made an admirable substitute. A capital programme of instrumental and vocal music was rendered in which many of the leading local amateur and professional musicians took part, after which refreshments were served. The Club is already making preparations for an active and brilliant season for next year. Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, the popular conductor of the Club, who has been pursuing his musical studies in Vienna for two years past, is expected to return to Toronto about May 1.

Mr. R. G. Kirby, who for several years past has had charge of the choir of Euclid avenue Methodist church, and during which period the music of the church has been most materially improved, has resigned his position there to take charge of the music at Trinity Methodist church. Mr. Kirby's energy and his well known ability as a singer and leader will, without doubt, enable him to produce the same gratifying results at Trinity church as awarded his efforts at Euclid avenue.

Miss Dora L. McMurtry, the talented local soprano, who for the past four months has been pursuing her vocal studies in New York under the instruction of the eminent composer and vocal specialist, Mr. C. B. Hawley, returned to the city on Saturday last.

In recognition of the laudable aims of the Toronto Orchestra, under Herr Klingenberg's direction, the Lieutenant-Governor and Col. Sir Casimir Gzowski have been pleased to lend their patronage to the first concert of the organization on February 17.

Mr. J. D. Ritchie, of the Jarvis street Baptist church choir, has been engaged as choirmaster of Dovercourt road Baptist church.

Moderato.

Watts—There is no such thing as telling the quality of whisky that you taste these days, is there? Lushforth—No. The only test is the feel. Watts—The feel? Lushforth—Yes. And you have to wait till next morning for that.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

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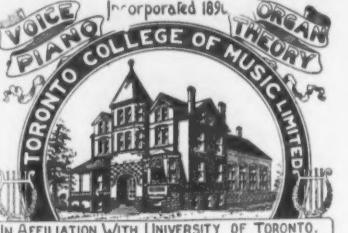
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February 5, 1898

11

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Next Tuesday afternoon, at four o'clock, Rev. George W. Wrong lectures on The Normans and Their Architecture, for the Woman's Art Association.

Mrs. Hastings and Mrs. W. Hewes Oliphant gave a pretty tea on Monday, at their cosy home, 210 Simcoe street, just *vis-a-vis* with the stately residence of Sir George and Lady Kirkpatrick. Mother and daughter vied in hearty welcome and kind attention to the pleasant party of women who chatted and laughed together during the darkening hours of late afternoon, and an unusually enticing and pretty group of girls were in attendance at the tea-table, which was done in pink with garnishments as floral decoration. At no time were the rooms too crowded for comfort, for east side hostesses were perfume late in arriving, and so kept up the stream of greetings on one hand and adieux on the other until six o'clock.

This afternoon the pupils of Mr. Edward Fisher are giving a piano recital in the Conservatory Music Hall at three o'clock.

On Tuesday evening a merry sleighing party took their way to the country, after the charming concert in St. George's Hall, and chaperoned by Mrs. Cattanach had a jolly rendezvous and supper at the residence of Mrs. Jennings, West Toronto Junction.

Opera, bright and sparkling, full of fun and excellently costumed and staged, broke the long famine at the Grand this week, and there was a decided rush for seats. On Monday, when the brilliancy of the *mise en scène* is apt to be mottled with first-nighters in any old garb, the house was unusually smart. Society, however, had its skates on, and deferred its opera until Tuesday, when it arrived, late as usual, but not so often late, because no one wanted to miss a moment of The Wedding Day. In one of the boxes was Mrs. Eber Ward and a pretty theater party, while some of the other boxes were occupied by much diverted members of the other companies now in town, the Cummings Company dropping in very late and much appreciating the lovely last scene. The house was exceedingly smart and more than one large theater party gathered about their radiant chaperone and afterwards supped at her hospitable residence. The gowns on the stage were capitally designed, and, as ever, the buxom Lillian was a picture, wearing a pelisse and Capuchin hood of rich purple velvet lined with white satin, or a gorgeous pink gown and adorable plumed hat, and even prettier in her white costume as the pretended bride of the baker, that funniest of little fellows, whose encore song of matrimonial escapes, mingled with dances to suit the nationality of each sweetheart, brought down the house. I have seldom heard an opera audience laugh so heartily as they did at *de Angelis*, who is quite as funny as Wilson, without a *soupeon* of vulgarity. And a word for the leader and the orchestra. It was freely remarked that the accompaniments were the best heard in ages, both in tone and volume. Altogether The Wedding Day was a good thing, and Toronto will probably be glad to celebrate any number of anniversaries.

The Skating Club reunion on Monday evening was a record breaker. Every member seemed to be there, though after all quite a few popular skaters were dining, opera-going, or under the weather. The rinks, both outer and inner, were well filled, and a number of enterprising skaters essayed the fascinating waltz for the first time, resulting in several falls, happily not serious ones. The ice was in good shape, and when the band played their usual "warning of Home Sweet Home" a universal protest went up. I think, perhaps, if the band can only play a certain number of tunes, it would meet with general approval to have them start half an hour later and play until eleven. No other appointment is possible for Monday evening after the Skating Club, except the late supper, and many persons find it impossible to get to the Club before nine or half-past. Won't our secretary give us that extra half-hour? say a good many of us! On Monday evening some exquisitely graceful figure-skating was done by those finished skaters who are the delight of this smart circle. A shivering man who has suffered gives us women and our girl-sisters the following hint: "Remember you have warm jackets on, and we have only our under coats, and don't expect us to stand about and talk to you if you will neither skate nor go into the tea-room. Give us good-bye and let us go gracefully, for otherwise our death may be upon your heads."

Mrs. Eakins of 12 Madison avenue and Mrs. W. Hyslop of Sherbourne street will be two of next Wednesday's hostesses on the West and East Sides for afternoon tea.

A very pretty concert was given on Tuesday evening for the Sick Children's Hospital, at which those charming musicians, Mrs. Le Grand Reed and Miss Gurney, were received with great applause. Mr. Rundell and Herr Rudolf Ruth, who I am told was in unusually good form, were the other artists on the programme. A woman remarks on the fact that many men did not take the trouble to put on evening dress, which was a pity, for the concert was of exceeding smartness otherwise and very artistic. The Hospital was materially aided.

The Misses Thompson of Derwent Lodge left yesterday for Ottawa.

All Saints' church was again filled with interested listeners to Prof. Clark's third sermon on Sunday evening. I hear we are to have two more.

Mr. D. R. Wilkie, general manager of the Imperial Bank, paid a flying visit to Ottawa this week.

Along with some other prominent bankers, Mr. Walker, the general manager of the Bank of Commerce, visited Ottawa this week in connection with business of interest to the banking fraternity.

Col. and Mrs. Domville of New Brunswick were in town last week for a short visit. They were returning from a trip as far north-west as Skagway.

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Monday, February 14th—RICHELIEU

Mr. Shaw as "The Cardinal."
Miss Berryman as Julie de Mornay.

Tuesday, February 15th—ROMEO AND JULIET

Mr. Shaw as Romeo. Miss Wingfield as Juliet.

Wednesday, February 16th—DUTY

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asked her to go to the theater?" "Pleased!
She wanted to keep the tickets for fear something
might happen to me."—Chicago Record.Little Katie—Papa, what did you say to
mamma when you made up your mind you
wanted to marry her? Mr. Meeker (visibly
reluctant)—I said "yes," dear.—Chicago Tri-
bune.

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Social and Personal.

The officers of the Central Union W. C. T. U. entertained its members at an afternoon tea on Monday last. Tea was served by Mesdames Spence, Orr, Hiborn and Robertson. The floral decorations of the evening by Dunlop were very beautiful.

Mrs. J. R. Cotter and Miss Cotter have been staying with Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston of Spadina road.

St. Stephen's Y. P. A. have a most novel and amusing entertainment on hand for Valentine's night, February 14. The famous Peake Sisters, under the direction of Mrs. Clarke, will make their debut in Toronto. The equal of this family group does not exist in civilized America.

The new Parkdale curling rink will be opened tonight, and many invitations have been sent out for the event.

Mrs. McGurn and Mrs. Anger left on Friday for several weeks' visit with friends in New York.

Mrs. Dick's dance for young people, given at her lovely home in Spencer avenue, was one of Tuesday's most happy functions, about four score being present. Miss Evans received with the hostess, who wore black trimmed with pink. Miss Evans wore a dainty cream frock. Miss Perry, charming Parkdale girl, played very well, and was assisted in turn by several guests. The Misses Lockie were very pretty and much admired, as were also Miss Tina McMicken and the Misses Jones. Miss Flo Bryan, one of the golfers who plays very well, Miss Pyke, the Misses Harris (Miss Dorothy all in white and looking lovely), the Misses Hutchinson, Miss Isabel Cartwright (who is visiting Miss Lockie) and the Misses Palin were bright and charming guests.

Mr. Arthur W. Ross returned on Wednesday from the East. On Thursday Mr. and Mrs. Ross received news of the death of Professor Panton of Guelph, who was recently in Toronto to consult a specialist.

Mrs. Frank Macklean and Miss Dunlop of Hamilton were mirthful spectators of the antics of de Angelis on Tuesday evening at the Grand.

The management of the Art Loan Exhibition have decided to keep it open during Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week on account of scores of requests to that effect.

Several interesting publications have appeared recently in town of strong local interest and of considerable artistic merit, but the palm will universally be accorded to the Book of the Victorian Era Ball, not only because it commemorates the most important and grandest social function ever held in Toronto, but on account of the unique and excellent work which it contains. Over eighty drawings by the following artists are to form its contents, with a list of the various sets and an account of the ball: Messrs. G. A. Reid, R. C. A., president O.S.A.; A. Dickson Patterson, R.C.A.; E. Wyly Grier, R.C.A.; F. M. Bell-Smith, R.C.A.; McGillivray Knowles, A.R.C.A.; Edmund Morris, Mrs. Reid, A.R.C.A.; Miss Sydney Tully, A.R.C.A.; Mrs. Arthur; Mrs. E. Elliott, Miss Hargrave, Miss Springer, Miss Sullivan, Miss Windett and others. Professor Mayon has sole charge of its production, and having been favored with a look at some of the beautiful drawings to be contained in this coming publication, I can in all heartiness recommend those interested in Canadian Art, social life and prestige in general, to secure a copy before the edition, which, for the larger size, is limited to fifty, and for the smaller to five hundred and fifty, is exhausted. The Book of the Ball will ever be a souvenir of inspiring interest, and on the lines of Gibson's London a picture of Canadian society of the end of the century. A copy is to be sent to the Queen, another to the Prince of Wales, and as the production is by desire of the Countess of Aberdeen, it is scarcely necessary to add that the profits on the enterprise are to be devoted to the scheme so near Lady Aberdeen's heart, The Victorian Order of Nurses. The Countess is, I believe, to write an introductory article for the Book of the Ball.

Many enquiries have been made as to the nature of the public exercises in Association Hall in connection with the convention of the Alpha Delta Phi Fraternity to be held here next week. They consist of two or three short speeches by distinguished members of the society, and are always very interesting, not only to the members, but also to the public. To add variety, several selections of music are also on the programme. The speakers for the evening are Rev. Dr. Raymond, President of Union College, and Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie of *The Outlook*, and it is hoped that a large number of Toronto people will turn out to hear these distinguished lecturers, who are much sought after on the other side of the line. At the reception afterwards in the L.O.F. Temple Building the patricianesses, Mrs. Mortimer Clark, Mrs. Falconbridge, Mrs. Hardy, Lady Meredith and Mrs. A. W. Ross, will receive the guests invited to that function. To avoid any misunderstanding in regard to the latter I have been asked to state that admission to it is only on presentation of the small cards which were issued for it.

Mrs. Mitchell gives a progressive euchre next Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Grantham gave a pretty luncheon on Tuesday in honor of Miss McKinnon.

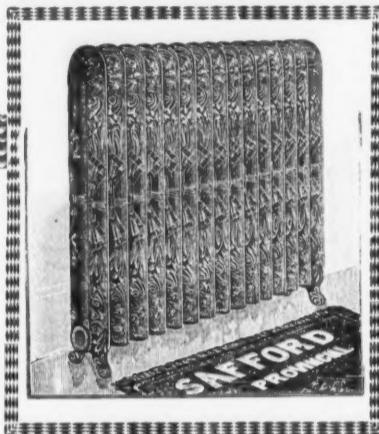
On Friday of last week Mr. and Mrs. Boultbee of Iver House gave a dinner for Col. Eyde, who succeeds Mr. Bridgman Simpson in the Trust and Loan Company.

The drawing-rooms of Mr. and Mrs. May, 161 St. Patrick street, presented a most picturesque appearance on Friday evening of last week, when a fancy dress party was given in honor of the twentieth anniversary of the marriage of the host and hostess; some of the dresses worn were quaint and beautiful. Mr. May, as a gentleman of color, was the life of the party. Mrs. Hector Prenter looked charming in a lovely gown of light green silk, with hair powdered. Mr. Prenter in a court costume worn at the London Jubilee, was a striking figure; Mr. Weese, as a gentleman from the Klondike, and Mrs.

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Weese as a merry Irish girl; Mr. and Mrs. J. Murray Hamilton, gentleman and lady of 1800. Mrs. J. D. Parker was a very pretty impersonation of Holly. Mrs. Seth Robertson looked charming with powdered hair and dress of fifty years ago. Mrs. W. J. Hopwood as Auntie Doleful, from one of her favorite recitations, was the character of the evening. Mr. John Gouinlock made a very jolly curate. Numbers of others sustained their parts equally well. Progressive euchre occupied the first two hours. The prizes, a handsome walking-stick and beautiful work-box, will be greatly valued, being the handiwork of the host. Dancing was the after-supper amusement, and many congratulations were offered to host and hostess.

Mrs. Thompson of John street gave a luncheon yesterday.

A very smart dinner was given by Mr. and Mrs. Perceval Ridout on Thursday evening of last week. Sir Oliver and Miss Mowat, Sir George and Miss Burton, Sir William and Lady Meredith, Mrs. Bain, Mr. and Mrs. Cockburn were among the distinguished guests.

Mrs. Beardmore gave a dinner at Chudleigh on Tuesday for her granddaughter, Miss Constance Beardmore of Cloynewood.

Mr. and Miss Wilkie gave a couple of dinner parties last Wednesday and Thursday evenings.

The Ladies' Chamber Music Association will give their second evening this season on February 28, when the Spiering String Quartette of Chicago will be the attraction, assisted by Miss Grace Buck, soprano, also of Chicago.

Mrs. (Dr.) Sylvester of Isabella street left on Thursday to visit her sister in Montreal and will be absent for a month.

The special "Ladies' Night," held on Wednesday evening last at the Toronto Canoe Club,

was a decided success. The ladies seemed to appreciate the opportunity of again participating in another and entirely unexpected one of the very enjoyable and popular affairs of this nature given by the Club during its winter season, and turned out in large numbers for the occasion. The decorations used at the annual supper held recently were left up for the event, and many remarks indicative of high appreciation and admiration were expressed by the fair dancers of the Club's gala attire. Dancing was indulged in in the large club-room from 8 to 11:30. The next monthly hop will be held on the night of February 18 and will be, as usual, strictly informal and open to members and their lady friends only.

Miss Kitty Crouch, a charming Ottawa young lady, has been in town this week with the Russell-Fox-de Angels Company.

Among the graduates of Grace Hospital, Detroit, who passed with honors, I notice the names of four of our Canadian girls: Miss Bessie Hamilton of Forest, Miss May Ridley of Toronto, Miss Anna Agnew of Kincardine, and Miss Jessie Muir of Port Dalhousie.

Dr. Beattie Nesbitt left Toronto this week for Baltimore, where he will continue his special laboratory work in Johns Hopkins' University for two or three months. He was accompanied by Mrs. Nesbitt.

A Tailor to Trust.

"I don't want a tailor to trust me but I want a tailor whom I can trust—a tailor whose say-so stands for all that honest quality and honest workmanship means." This is the way the writer of this paragraph was addressed recently by a gentleman who had evidently "wasted his substance" among the low-priced—and correspondingly low-quality—tailors, and was suffering the disappointments consequent thereon. Gentlemen are learning every day at their own cost that there's no satisfac-

**UGH!
That's nice!**



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